ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTING IN ENGLAND;

With some Account of the principal Artists;

And incidental NOTES on other ARTS;

Collected by the late

Mr. GEORGE VERTUE;

And now digested and published from his original MSS.

By Mr. HORACE WALPOLE.

To which is added

The HISTORY of

the MODERN TASTE in GARDENING.

The Glory of Lebanon *shall come unto thee, the Fir-Tree, the Pine-Tree, and the Box together, to beautify the Place of my Sanctuary, and I will make the Place of my Feet glorious.* Isaiah, LX. 13.

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112
...RE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA...

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES,

Duke of RICHMOND, LENOX, and AUBIGNY.

MY LORD,

IT is not to court protection to this work; it is not to celebrate your Grace's virtues and abilities, which want no panegyric; it is to indulge the ſentiments of reſpect and eſteem, that I take the liberty of prefixing your name to this volume, the former parts of theſe Anecdotes having been inſcribed to a Lady, now dead, to whom I had great obligations.

The publications of my preſs have been appropriated to Gratitude and Friendſhip, not to Flattery. Your Grace's ſingular Encouragement of Arts, a virtue inherited with others from your noble Father, intitles you to this Addreſs; and allow me to ſay, my Lord, it is a proof of your Judgment and Taſte, that in your countenance of talents there is but one inſtance of partiality—I mean, your Favour to

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

moſt faithful and obedient

humble Servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS last volume has been long written, and even printed. The publication, * though a debt to the purchasers of the preceding volumes, was delayed from motives of tenderness. The author, who could not resolve, like most biographers, to dispense universal panegyric, especially on many incompetent artists, was still unwilling to utter even gentle censures, which might wound the affections, or offend the prejudices of those related to the persons whom truth forbad him to commend beyond their merits. He hopes, that as his opinion is no standard, it will pass for mistaken judgment with such as shall be displeased with his criticisms. If his encomiums seem too lavish to others, the public will at least know that they are bestowed sincerely. He would not have hesitated to publish his remarks sooner, if he had not been averse to exaggeration.

The work is carried as far as the author intended to go, though he is sensible he could continue it with more satisfaction to himself, as

* It was not published till October 9, 1780, though printed in 1771.

the

the arts, at leaſt thoſe of painting and architecture, are emerging from the wretched ſtate in which they lay at the acceſſion of George the firſt. To architecture, taſte and vigour were given by lord Burlington and Kent— They have ſucceſſors worthy of the tone they gave; if, as refinement generally verges to extreme contrarieties, Kent's ponderoſity does not degenerate into filligraine—But the modern Pantheon, uniting grandeur and lightneſs, ſimplicity and ornament, ſeems to have marked the medium, where taſte muſt ſtop. The architect who ſhall endeavour to refine on Mr. Wyat, will perhaps give date to the age of embroidery. Virgil, Longinus, and Vitruvius afford no rules, no examples, of ſcattering finery.

This delicate redundance of ornament growing into our architecture might perhaps be checked, if our artiſts would ſtudy the ſublime dreams of Piraneſi, who ſeems to have conceived viſions of Rome beyond what it boaſted even in the meridian of its ſplendor. Savage as Salvator Roſa, fierce as Michael Angelo, and exuberant as Rubens, he has imagined ſcenes that would ſtartle geometry, and exhauſt the Indies to realize. He piles palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and ſcales

Heaven

Heaven with mountains of edifices. Yet what taste in his boldness! what grandeur in his wildness! what labour and thought both in his rashness and details! Architecture, indeed, has in a manner two sexes; its masculine dignity can only exert its muscles in public works and at public expence: its softer beauties come better within the compass of private residence and enjoyment.

How painting has rekindled from its embers, the works of many living artists demonstrate. The prints after the works of sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present a single painter that can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile, that the attitudes of his portraits are as * various as those of history. In what age were

* Sir J. Reynolds has been accused of plagiarism for having borrowed attitudes from ancient masters. Not only candour but criticism must deny the *force* of the charge. When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture and applied to a portrait in a different dress and with new attributes, This is not plagiarism, but quotation: and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste; and may have more merit than the original. When the sons of Jacob imposed on their father by a false coat of Joseph, saying, " Know now whether This be thy son's coat or " not," they only asked a deceitful question—but that interrogation became wit, when Richard

were paternal despair and the horrors of death pronounced with more expressive accents than in his picture of count Ugolino? When was infantine loveliness, or embrio-passions, touched with sweeter truth than in his portraits of miss Price and the baby Jupiter? What frankness of nature in Mr. Gainsborough's landscapes; which may entitle them to rank in the noblest collections! What genuine humour in Zoffanii's comic scenes; which do not, like the works of Dutch and Flemish painters, invite laughter to divert itself with the nastiest indelicacy of boors!

Such topics would please a pen that delights to do justice to its country—but the author has forbidden himself to treat of living professors. Posterity appreciates impartially the works of the dead. To posterity he leaves the continuation of these volumes; and recommends to the

Richard 1st. on the pope reclaiming a bishop whom the king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's coat of mail, and in the words of scripture asked his holiness, whether THAT was the coat of his son or not? Is not there humour and satire in sir Joshua's reducing Holbein's swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry 8th. to the boyish jollity of master Crewe?—One prophecy I will venture to make; sir Joshua is not a plagiary, but will beget a thousand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portrait.

lovers

lovers of arts the induſtry of Mr. Vertue, who preſerved notices of all his cotemporaries, as he had collected of paſt ages, and thence gave birth to this work. In that ſupplement will not be forgotten the wonderful progreſs in miniature of * lady Lucan, who has arrived at copying the moſt exquiſite works of Iſaac and Peter Oliver, Hoſkins and Cooper, with a genius that almoſt depreciates thoſe maſters, when we conſider that they ſpent their lives in attaining perfection; and who, ſoaring above their modeſt timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours. There will be recorded the living etchings of Mr. H. Bunbury, the ſecond Hogarth, and firſt imitator who ever fully equalled his original; and who, like Hogarth, has more humour when he invents, than when he illuſtrates † —probably becauſe genius can draw from the ſources of nature with more ſpirit than from the ideas of another. Has any painter ever executed a ſcene, a character of Shakeſpeare, that approached to the prototype ſo near as Shakeſpeare himſelf attained to na-

* Margaret Smith, Wife of Sir Charles Bingham Baron Lucan in Ireland.

† For inſtance, in his prints to Triſtram Shandy.

ture?

ture? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronouncing the paſſions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only inſpired by his inſight into nature, but by the graces and taſte of Grecian artiſts—but it is not fair to excite the curioſity of the public, when both the rank and baſhful merit of the poſſeſſor, and a too rare exertion of ſuperior talents, confine the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has ſeen the drawings, and baſreliefs, deſigned and executed by * lady Diana Beauclerc, is ſenſible that theſe imperfect encomiums are far ſhort of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the ducheſs of Devonſhire, in ſeveral hands, confirms the truth of part of theſe aſſertions. The nymph-like ſimplicity of the figure is equal to what a Grecian ſtatuary would have formed for a dryad or goddeſs of a river. Bartolozzi's print of her two daughters after the drawing of the ſame lady, is another ſpecimen of her ſingular genius and taſte. The gay and ſportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the demure application of the elder, are as characteriſtically contraſted

* Eldeſt Daughter of Charles Spencer ſecond Duke of Marlborough, married firſt to Frederic St. John Viſcount Bolingbroke, and afterwards to Topham Beauclerc, only ſon of Lord Sidney Beauclerc.

as Milton's Allegro and Penseroso. A third female genius is Mrs. Damer, * daughter of General Conway, in a walk more difficult and far more uncommon than painting. The annals of statuary record few artists of the fair sex, and not one that I recollect of any celebrity. Mrs. Damer's busts from the life are not inferior to the antique, and theirs we are sure were not more like. Her shock dog, large as life, and only not alive, has a looseness and softness in the curls that seemed impossible to terra-cotta: it rivals the marble one of Bernini in the royal collection. As the ancients have left us but five animals of equal merit with their human figures, namely, the Barberini goat, the Tuscan boar, the Mattei eagle, the eagle at Strawberry-hill, and Mr. Jennings's, now Mr. Duncombe's, dog, the talent of Mrs. Damer must appear in the most distinguished light. Aided by some instructions from that masterly statuary Mr. Bacon, she has attempted and executed a bust in marble. Ceracchi, from whom first she received four or five lessons, has given a whole figure

* Only child of general Henry Seymour, commander in chief in 1782 and 1783, by lady Caroline Campbell, countess dowager of Ailesbury. Mrs. Damer was widow of John Damer, eldest son of Joseph lord Milton.

of

of her as the muſe of ſculpture, in which he has happily preſerved the graceful lightneſs of her form and air.

Little is ſaid here but hiſtorically of the art of gardening. Mr. Maſon in his firſt beautiful canto on that ſubject has ſhown that Spenſer and Addiſon ought not to have been omitted in the liſt of our authors who were not blind to the graces of natural taſte. The public muſt wiſh with the author of this work, that Mr. Maſon would complete his poem, and leave this eſſay as unneceſſary as it is imperfect.

The hiſtoric compoſitions offered for St. Paul's by ſome of our firſt artiſts, ſeemed to diſcloſe a viſion of future improvement — a period the more to be wiſhed, as the wound given to painting through the ſides of the Romiſh religion menaces the arts as well as idolatry — unleſs the methodiſts, whoſe rigour ſeems to ſoften and adopt the artifices of the catholics, [for our itinerant mountebanks already are fond of being ſainted in mezzotinto, as well as their St. Bridgets and Tereſas] ſhould borrow the paraphernalia of enthuſiaſm now waning in Italy, and ſuperadd the witchery of painting to that of muſic. Whitfield's temples encircled with glory may convert

convert ruſtics, who have never heard of his or Ignatius Loyola's peregrinations. If enthuſiaſm is to revive, and tabernacles to riſe as convents are demoliſhed, may we not hope at leaſt to ſee them painted? Le Sueur's cloyſter at Paris makes ſome little amends for the impriſonment of the Carthuſians. The abſurdity of the legend of the reviving canon is loſt in the amazing art of the painter; and the laſt ſcene of St. Bruno expiring, in which are expreſſed all the ſtages of devotion from the youngeſt mind impreſſed with fear to the compoſed reſignation of the prior, is perhaps inferior to no ſingle picture of the greateſt maſter. If Raphael died young, ſo did Le Sueur; the former had ſeen the antique, the latter only prints from Raphael: yet in the Chartreuſe, what airs of heads! what harmony of colouring! what aerial perſpective! How Grecian the ſimplicity of architecture and drapery! How diverſified a ſingle quadrangle, though the life of a hermit be the only ſubject, and devotion the only pathetic! In ſhort, till we have other pictures than portraits, and painting has ampler fields to range in than private apartments, it is in vain to expect the art ſhould recover its genuine luſtre. Statuary has

has ſtill leſs encouragement. Sepulchral decorations are almoſt diſuſed; and though the rage for portraits is at its higheſt tide both in pictures and prints, buſts and ſtatues are never demanded. We ſeem to wiſh no longer duration to the monuments of our expence, than the inhabitants of Peru and Ruſſia, where edifices are calculated to laſt but to the next earthquake or conflagration.

October 1, 1780.

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ANEC-

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. I.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE I.

WE are now arrived at the period in which the arts were ſunk to the loweſt ebb in Britain. From the ſtiffneſs introduced by Holbein and the Flemiſh maſters, who not only laboured under the timidity of the new art, but who ſaw nothing but the ſtarch and unpliant habits of the times, we were fallen into a looſe, and, if I may uſe the word, a *diſſolute* kind of paint-

ing, which was not leſs barbarous than the oppoſite extreme, and yet had not the merit of repreſenting even the dreſſes of the age. Sir Godfrey Kneller ſtill lived, but only in name, which he proſtituted by ſuffering the moſt wretched daubings of hired ſubſtitutes to paſs for his works, while at moſt he gave himſelf the trouble of taking the likeneſs of the perſon who ſat to him. His bold and free manner was the ſole admiration of his ſucceſſors, who thought they had caught his ſtyle, when they neglected drawing, probability, and finiſhing. Kneller had exaggerated the curls of full-bottomed wigs, and the tiaras of ribbands, lace, and hair, till he had ſtruck out a graceful kind of unnatural grandeur; but the ſucceeding modes were ſtill leſs favourable to pictureſque imagination. The habits of the time were ſhrunk to awkward coats and waiſtcoats for the men; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half a dozen

ſqueezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their ſtrait-drawn hair. Dahl, Dagar, Richardſon, Jervas, and others, rebuffed by ſuch barbarous forms, and not poſſeſſing genius enough to deviate from what they ſaw into graceful variations, cloathed all their perſonages with a looſe drapery and airy mantles, which not only were not, but could not be the dreſs of any age or nation, ſo little were they adapted to cover the limbs, to exhibit any form, or to adhere to the perſon, which they ſcarce enveloped, and from which they muſt fall on the leaſt motion. As thoſe caſual lappings and flowing ſtreamers were imitated from nothing, they ſeldom have any folds or chiaro ſcuro; anatomy and colouring being equally forgotten. Linen, from what œconomy I know not, is ſeldom allowed in thoſe portraits, even to the ladies, who lean careleſly on a bank, and play with

 a parrot

a parrot they do not look at, under a tranquillity which ill accords with their ſeeming ſituation, the ſlightneſs of their veſtment and the lankneſs of their hair having the appearance of their being juſt riſen from the bath, and of having found none of their cloaths to put on, but a looſe gown. Architecture was perverted to meer houſe-building, where it retained not a litle of Vanbrugh; and if employed on churches, produced at beſt but corrupt and tawdry imitations of ſir Chriſtopher Wren. Statuary ſtill leſs deſerved the name of an art.

The new monarch was void of taſte, and not likely at an advanced age to encourage the embelliſhment of a country, to which he had little partiality, and with the face of which he had few opportunities of getting acquainted; though had he been better known, he muſt have grown the delight of it, poſſeſſing all that plain good-humoured ſimplicity and ſocial integrity, which peculiarly

liarly diſtinguiſhes *the honeſt Engliſh private gentleman.* Like thoſe patriots, it was more natural to George the firſt to be content with, or even partial to whatever he found eſtabliſhed, than to ſeek for improvement and foreign ornament. But the arts, when neglected, always degenerate. Encouragement muſt keep them up, or a genius revivify them. Neither happened under the firſt of the houſe of Brunſwic. I ſhall be as brief as I can in my account of ſo ungrateful a period, for though the elder Dahl and Richardſon, and a very few more had merit in ſome particulars, I cannot help again advertiſing my readers, that no reign, ſince the arts have been in any eſteem, produced fewer works, that will deſerve the attention of poſterity. As the reign too was of no long duration, moſt of the artiſts had lived under the predeceſſors of George the firſt, or flouriſhed under his ſon, where ſeveral will be ranked with

more propriety. Of the former claſs was

LOUIS LAGUERRE,

The aſſiſtant and imitator of Verrio, with whoſe name his will be preſerved when their united labours ſhall be no more, both being immortalized by that unpropitious line of Pope,

> Where ſprawl the ſaints of Verrio and Laguerre.

The ſame redundancy of hiſtory and fable is diſplayed in the works of both; and it is but juſtice to ſay that their performances were at leaſt in as good a taſte as the edifices they were appointed to adorn.

Laguerre's father was a Catalan, who ſettled in France, and became maſter of the menagerie at Verſailles. The ſon being born at Paris in 1663, Louis the fourteenth did

did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name. At firft he was placed in the Jefuits college, but having a hefitation in his fpeech, and difcovering much inclination to drawing, the good fathers advifed his parents to breed him to a profeffion that might be of ufe to himfelf, fince he was not likely to prove ferviceable to them. He however brought away learning enough to affift him afterwards in his allegoric and hiftoric works. He then ftudied in the royal academy of painting, and for a fhort time under Le Brun. In 1683 he came to England with one Ricard, a painter of architecture, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him moft part of the large picture in St. Bartholomew's hofpital, and fucceeding fo well when little above twenty, he rofe into much bufinefs, executing great numbers of cielings, halls, and ftaircafes, particularly at lord Exeter's at Burleigh,

the ſtaircaſe at old Devonſhire houſe in Piccadilly, the ſtaircaſe and ſalon at Buckingham-houſe, the ſtaircaſe at Petworth, many of the apartments at Burleigh on the hill, where the walls are covered with his Cæſars, ſome things at Marlborough-houſe in St. James's Park, and, which is his beſt work, the ſalon at Blenheim. King William gave him lodgings at Hampton-court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in chiaro ſcuro; and being appointed to repair thoſe valuable pictures, the triumphs of Julius Cæſar by Andrea Montegna, he had the judgment to imitate the ſtyle of the original, inſtead of new cloathing them in vermillion and ultramarine; a fate that befel Raphael even from the pencil of Carlo Maratti.

Laguerre was at firſt choſen unanimouſly by the commiſſioners for rebuilding St. Paul's to decorate the inſide of the cupola, but was ſet aſide by the prevailing intereſt

of

of Thornhill, a preference not raviſhed from him by ſuperior merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller, was more juſt to him,* though from pique to Thornhill, and employed him to paint the ſtaircaſe of his houſe at Witton where Laguerre diſtinguiſhed himſelf beyond his common performances. On the union of England and Scotland he was ordered by queen Anne to make deſigns for a ſet of tapeſtry on that occaſion, in which were to be introduced the portraits of her majeſty and the principal miniſters; but though he gave the drawings, the work went no farther. A few pictures he painted beſides, and made deſigns for engravers. In 1711 he was a director of an academy of painting erected in London, and was likely to be choſen governor on the reſignation of Kneller, but was again baffled by his competitor Thornhill. In truth he was, ſays

* Vide life of Kneller in the preceding volume.

Vertue,

Vertue, a modeſt unintriguing man, and as his father-in-law * John Tijou ſaid, God had made him a painter, and there left him. The ever-grateful and humble Vertue commends him highly, and acknowledges inſtructions received from him; the ſource, I doubt, of ſome of his encomiums. At a tavern in Drury-lane, where was held a club of virtuoſi, he painted in chiaro ſcuro round the room a Bacchanalian proceſſion, and made them a preſent of his labour. Vertue thinks that ſir James Thornhill was indebted to him for his knowledge of hiſtoric painting on cielings, &c. and ſays he was imitated by † others, as one ‡ Riario, Johnſon, Brown, and ſeveral, whoſe names are periſhed as well as that gawdy ſtyle.

* A founder of iron baluſtrades.

† Lanſcroon was another aſſiſtant of Verrio and Laguerre, on his firſt arrival from Flanders. He died poor in 1737, leaving a ſon of his profeſſion.

‡ Riario painted a ſtaircaſe at lord Carpenter's

Laguerre

Laguerre towards his latter end grew dropſical and inactive, and going to ſee the Iſland Princeſs at Drury-lane, which was acted for the benefit of his ſon, then newly entered to ſing on the ſtage, he was ſeized with a ſtroke of apoplexy, and dying before the play began, April 20, 1721, he was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields.

John Laguerre the ſon had talents for painting, but wanted application, preferring the ſtage to more laborious ſtudies. After quitting that profeſſion, I think he painted ſcenes, and publiſhed a ſet of prints of Hob in the well, which had a great ſale, but he died at laſt in indigent circumſtances in March, 1748.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL DAHL

Was born at Stockholm, and received ſome inſtructions from Ernſtraen Klocke, an eſteemed artiſt in that country and painter to the crown, who in the early part of his life had been in England. At the age of 22 Dahl was brought over by Mr. Pouters, a merchant, who five years afterwards introduced Boit from the ſame country. After a year's reſidence here, Dahl continued his travels in ſearch of improvement, ſtaid about a year at Paris, and beſtowed about three more on the principal cities in Italy. At Rome he painted the portrait of P. F. Garroli, a ſculptor and architect, under whom Gibbs ſtudied for ſome time. But it was more flattering to Dahl to be employed by one that had been his ſovereign, the famous queen Chriſtina. As he worked on her

her picture, ſhe aſked what he intended ſhe ſhould hold in her hand? He replied, a fan. Her majeſty, whoſe ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very groſs one, and added, "a fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for a queen of Sweden." I repeat this, without any intention of approving it. It was a pedantic affectation of ſpirit in a woman who had quitted a crown to ramble over Europe in a motley kind of maſculine maſquerade, aſſuming a right of aſſaſſinating her galants, as if tyranny as well as the prieſthood were an indelible character, and throwing herſelf for protection into the boſom of a church ſhe laughed at, for the comfortable enjoyment of talking indecently with learned men, and of living ſo with any other men. Contemptible in her ambition by abandoning the happieſt opportunity of performing great and good actions, to hunt for venal praiſes from thoſe paraſites the literati, ſhe attained,

attained, or deſerved to attain, that ſole renown which neceſſarily accompanies great crimes or great follies in perſons of ſuperior rank. Her letters diſcover no genius or parts, and do not even wear that now trite mantle of the learned, the affectation of philoſophy. Her womaniſh paſſions and anger diſplay themſelves without reſerve, and ſhe is ever miſtaking herſelf for a queen, after having done every thing ſhe could to relinquiſh and diſgrace the character.

Dahl returned to England in 1688, where he found ſir Godfrey Kneller riſing to the head of the profeſſion, and where he had yet merit enough to diſtinguiſh himſelf as no mean competitor. His colouring was good, and attempting nothing beyond portraits, he has certainly left many valuable pictures, eſpecially as he did not neglect every thing but the head like Kneller, and drew the reſt of the figure much better than Richardſon. Some of Dahl's works

are

are worthy of Riley. The large equeſtrian picture of his ſovereign Charles the eleventh at Windſor has much merit, and in the gallery of admirals at Hampton-court he ſuffers but little from the ſuperiority of ſir Godfrey. In my mother's picture at Houghton there is great grace, though it was not his moſt common excellence. At Petworth are ſeveral whole lengths of ladies by him extremely well coloured. The more univerſal talents of Kneller and his aſſuming preſumption carried away the croud from the modeſt and ſilent Dahl, yet they ſeem to have been amicable rivals, ſir Godfrey having drawn his portrait. He did another of himſelf, but Vertue owns that ſir Godfrey deſerved the preference for likeneſs, grace, and colouring. Queen Anne ſat to him, and prince George was much his patron.

Virtuous and eſteemed, eaſy in his circumſtances and fortunate in his health, Dahl

Dahl reached the long term of eighty-ſeven years, and dying October 20, 1743, was buried in St. James's church. He left two daughters, and about three years before loſt his only ſon, who was a very inferior painter, called the younger Dahl, but of whoſe life I find no particulars among Vertue's collections.

PETER ANGELIS

Worked in a very different ſtyle from the two preceding painters, executing nothing but converſations and landſcapes with ſmall figures, which he was fond of enriching with repreſentations of fruit and fiſh. His manner was a mixture of Teniers and Watteau, with more grace than the former, more nature than the latter. His pencil was eaſy, bright, and flowing, but his co-

louring too faint and nervelefs. He afterwards adopted the habits of Rubens and Vandyck, more picturefque indeed, but not fo proper to improve his productions in what their chief beauty confifted, familiar life. He was born at Dunkirk in 1685, and vifiting Flanders and Germany in the courf of his ftudies, made the longeft ftay at Duffeldorpe, enchanted with the treafures of painting in that city. He came to England about the year 1712, and foon became a favourite painter; but in the year 1728 he fet out for Italy,* where he fpent three years. At Rome his pictures pleafed extremely, but being of a referved temper, and not oftentatious of his merit, he difgufted feveral by the reluctance with which he exhibited his works: his ftudious and

* After making an auction of his pictures, amongft which were copies of the four markets, then at Houghton, by Rubens and Snyder.

ſober temper, inclining him more to the purſuit of his art, than to the advantage of his fortune. Yet his attention to the latter prevented his return to England as he intended, for ſtopping at Rennes in Bretagne, a rich and parliamentary town, he was ſo immediately overwhelmed with employment there, that he ſettled in that city, and died there in a ſhort time, in the year 1734, when he was not above forty-nine years of age. Hyſſing painted his picture while he was in England.

ANTONY RUSSEL

Is recorded by Vertue, as one of Riley's ſchool, [conſequently a painter of portraits] as were Murray and Richardſon, though he owns with leſs ſucceſs and leſs merit: nor does he mention any other facts relating to him, except that he

he died in July 1743, aged above fourſcore. I ſhould not be ſollicitous to preſerve ſuch dates, but that they ſometimes aſcertain the hands by which pictures have been painted—and yet I have lived long enough ſince the firſt volumes of this work were printed, to ſee many pieces aſcribed to Holbein and Vandyck in auctions, though bearing dates notoriouſly poſterior to the deaths of thoſe maſters: ſuch notices as theſe often helping more men to cheat than to diſtinguiſh.

LUKE CRADOCK,

Who died early in this reign, was a painter of birds and animals, in which walk he attained much merit by the bent and force of his own genius, having been ſo little initiated even in the grammar of his profeſ-

ſion, that he was ſent from Somerton near Ilcheſter in Somerſetſhire, where he was born, to be apprentice to a houſe-painter in London, with whom he ſerved his time. Yet there, without inſtructions, and with few opportunities of ſtudying nature in the very part of the creation which his talents led him to repreſent, he became, if not a great maſter, a faithful imitator of the inferior claſs of beings. His birds in particular are ſtrongly and richly coloured, and were much ſought as ornaments over doors and chimney-pieces. I have ſeen ſome pieces of his hand painted with a freedom and fire that intitled them to more diſtinction. He worked in general by the day and for dealers who retailed his works, poſſeſſing that conſcious dignity of talents that ſcorned dependence, and made him hate to be employed by men whoſe birth and fortune confined his fancy and reſtrained his freedom. Vertue records a proof of his

merit

merit which I fear will enter into the panegyrics of few modern painters—he ſays he ſaw ſeveral of Cradock's pictures riſe quickly after his death to three and four times the price that he had received for them living. He died in 1717, and was buried at St. Mary's White-chapel.

PETER CASTEELS

Was, like Cradock, though inferior in merit, a painter of fowls, but more commonly of flowers, yet neither with the boldneſs and relievo of a maſter, nor with the finiſhed accuracy that in ſo many Flemiſh painters almoſt atones for want of genius. He was born at Antwerp in 1684, and in 1708 came over with his * brother

* So Vertue. I ſuppoſe he means brother-in-law.

Peter Tillemans. In 1716 he made a ſhort journey to his native city, but returned ſoon. In 1726 he publiſhed twelve plates of birds and fowl which he had deſigned and etched himſelf, and did a few other things in the ſame way. In 1735 he retired to Tooting, to deſign for callico-printers: and laſtly, the manufacture being removed thither, to Richmond, where he died of a lingering illneſs May 16, 1749.

——— DAGAR,

The ſon of a French painter, and himſelf born in France, came young into England and roſe to great buſineſs, though upon a very ſlender ſtock of merit. He was violently afflicted with the gout and ſtone, and died in May 1723, at the age of fifty-four.

He

He left a ſon whom he bred to his own profeſſion.

CHARLES JERVAS.

No painter of ſo much eminence as Jervas, is taken ſo little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums, who neither ſpecifies the family, birth, or death of this artiſt. The latter happened at his * houſe in Cleveland-court, in 1739. One would think Vertue foreſaw how little curioſity poſterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed to them ſuch wretched daubings. Yet, between the badneſs of the age's taſte, the dearth of good maſters, and a faſhionable reputation, Jervas ſat at the top of his pro-

* He had another houſe at Hampton.

feſſion; and his own vanity thought no encomium diſproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, compoſition, and even in that moſt neceſſary, and perhaps moſt eaſy talent of a portrait-painter, likeneſs. In general, his pictures are a light flimſy kind of fan-painting as large as the life. Yet I have ſeen a few of his works highly coloured; and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti, whom moſt he ſtudied and imitated, were extremely juſt, and ſcarce inferior to the originals. It is a well-known ſtory of him, that having ſucceeded happily in copying [he thought, in ſurpaſſing] a picture of Titian, he looked firſt at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would ſtare!"

But what will recommend the name of Jervas to inquiſitive poſterity was his intimacy

macy with Pope, * whom he inſtructed to draw and paint, whom therefore theſe anecdotes are proud to boaſt of and enroll † among our artiſts, and who has enſhrined ‡ the feeble talents of the painter in the lucid amber of his glowing lines. The repeated name of lady ‖ Bridgewater in that epiſtle

* Jervas, who affected to be a Free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the bible. Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a ſpeculative but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot ſaid he would prove it: "You ſtrictly obſerve the ſecond commandment, ſaid the doctor; for in your pictures you make not the likeneſs of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

† See his letters to Jervas, and a ſhort copy of verſes on a fan deſigned by himſelf on the ſtory of Cephalus and Procris. There is a ſmall edition of the Eſſay on Man, with a frontiſpiece likewiſe of his deſign.

‡ See Pope's epiſtle to Jervas with Dryden's tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting.

‖ Elizabeth counteſs of Bridgwater, one of the beautiful daughters of the great duke of Marlborough.

was

was not the ſole effect of chance, of the lady's charms, or of the conveniency of her name to the meaſure of the verſe. Jervas had ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes; ſo entirely did the lovely form poſſeſs his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture reſemble lady Bridgwater. Yet neither his preſumption nor his paſſion could extinguiſh his ſelf-love. One day, as ſhe was ſitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture—"but, ſaid he, I cannot help telling your ladyſhip that you have not a handſome ear." "No!" ſaid lady Bridgwater; "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handſome ear?" He turned aſide his cap, and ſhowed her his own.

What little more I have to ſay of him, is chiefly ſcattered amongſt the notes of Vertue. He was born in Ireland, and for a year ſtudied under ſir Godfrey Kneller. Norris, frame-maker and keeper of the

pictures to king William and queen Anne, was his firſt patron, and permitted him to copy what he pleaſed in the royal collection. At Hampton-court he copied the cartoons in little, and ſold them to Dr. George Clarke of Oxford, who became his protector, and furniſhed him with money to viſit Paris and Italy. At the former he lent two of his cartoons to Audran, who engraved them, but died before he could begin the reſt. At Rome he applied himſelf to learn to draw, for though thirty years old, he ſaid he had begun at the wrong end, and had only ſtudied colouring. The friendſhip of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank, * extended a reputation built on ſuch ſlight foundations: to which not a little contributed, we may ſuppoſe, the Tatler, No. VIII.

* Seven letters from Jervas to Pope are printed in the two additional volumes to that poet's works, publiſhed by R. Baldwin 1776.

April

April 18, 1709, who calls him *the laſt great painter that Italy has ſent us.* To this incenſe a widow worth 20,000*l.* added the ſolid, and made him her huſband. In 1738 he again travelled to Italy for his health, but ſurvived that journey only a ſhort time, dying Nov. 2d, 1739.

He tranſlated and publiſhed a new edition of Don Quixote. His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called * Raphael's earthen-ware, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings by Fiamingo, were ſold, the drawings in April 1741, and the reſt after the death of his wife.

It will eaſily be conceived by thoſe who know any thing of the ſtate of painting in this country of late years, that this work pretends to no more than ſpecifying the

* There is a large and fine collection of this ware at the late ſir Andrew Fountain's at Narford in Norfolk.

profeſſors

professors of most vogue. Portrait-painting has increased to so exuberant a degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to compute the number of limners that have appeared within the century. Consequently it is almost as necessary that the representations of men should perish and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the human race should give place to rising generations. And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*. When they become *my grandfather and grandmother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crouded into the house-keeper's room, they perish

perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop at the Seven Dials. Such already has been the fate of some of those deathless beauties, who Pope promised his friend should

> Bloom in his colours for a thousand years:

And such, I doubt, will be the precipitate catastrophe of the works of many more who babble of Titian and Vandyck, yet only imitate Giordano, whose hasty and rapacious pencil deservedly accquired him the disgraceful title of *Luca fa presto*.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON

Was undoubtedly one of the best English painters of a head, that had appeared in this country. There is strength, roundness, and boldness in his colouring; but his men want

want dignity, and his women grace. The good ſenſe of the nation is characteriſed in his portraits. You ſee he lived in an age when neither enthuſiaſm nor ſervility were predominant. Yet with a pencil ſo firm, poſſeſſed of a numerous and excellent collection of drawings, full of the theory, and profound in reflections on his art, he drew nothing well below the head, and was void of imagination. His attitudes, draperies, and back-grounds are totally inſipid and unmeaning: ſo ill did he apply to his own practice the ſagacious rules and hints he beſtowed on others. Though he wrote with fire and judgment, his paintings owed little to either. No man dived deeper into the inexhauſtible ſtores of Raphael, or was more ſmitten with the native luſtre of Vandyck. Yet though capable of taſting the elevation of the one and the elegance of the other, he could never contrive to ſee with their eyes, when he was to copy nature himſelf.

One wonders that he could comment their works ſo well, and imitate them ſo little.

Richardſon was born about the year 1665, and againſt his inclination was placed by his * father-in-law apprentice to a ſcrivener, with whom he lived ſix years, when obtaining his freedom by the death of his maſter, he followed the bent of his diſpoſition, and at twenty years old became the diſciple of Riley; with whom he lived four years, whoſe niece he married, and of whoſe manner he acquired enough to maintain a ſolid and laſting reputation, even during the lives of Kneller and Dahl, and to remain at the head of the profeſſion when they went off the ſtage. He quitted buſineſs himſelf ſome years before his death; but his temperance and virtue contributed to protract his life to a great length in the full enjoyment of his underſtanding,

* His own father died when he was five years old.

and

and in the felicity of domeſtic friendſhip. He had had a paralytic ſtroke that affected his arm, yet never diſabled him from his cuſtomary walks and exerciſe. He had been in St. James's Park, and died ſuddenly at his houſe in Queen-ſquare on his return home, May 28, 1745, when he had paſſed the eightieth year of his age. He left a ſon and four daughters, one of whom was married to his diſciple Mr. Hudſon, and another to Mr. Grigſon, an attorney. The taſte and learning of the ſon, and the harmony in which he lived with his father, are viſible in the joint works they compoſed. The father in 1719 publiſhed two diſcourſes; 1. An Eſſay on the whole Art of Criticiſm as it relates to Painting; 2. An Argument in Behalf of the * Science

* He tells us, that being in ſearch of a proper term for this ſcience, Mr. Prior propoſed to name it *connoiſſance*; but that word has not obtained poſſeſſion as *connoiſſeur* has.

 of

of a Connoiſſeur; bound in one volume octavo. In 1722 came forth an Account of ſome of the Statues, Baſ-reliefs, Drawings and Pictures, in Italy, &c. with Remarks by Mr. Richardſon, Sen. and Jun. The ſon made the journey; and from his notes, letters, and obſervations, they both at his return compiled this valuable work. As the father was a formal man, with a ſlow, but loud and ſonorous voice, and, in truth, with ſome affectation in his manner; and as there is much ſingularity in his ſtyle and expreſſion, thoſe peculiarities, for they were ſcarce foibles, ſtruck ſuperficial readers, and between the laughers and the envious, the book was much ridiculed. Yet both this and the former are full of matter, good ſenſe and inſtruction: and the very quaintneſs of ſome expreſſions, and their laboured novelty, ſhow the difficulty the author had to convey meer viſible ideas through the medium of language. Thoſe

works

works remind one of Cibber's inimitable treatiſe on the ſtage: when an author writes on his own profeſſion, feels it profoundly, and is ſenſible his readers do not, he is not only excuſable, but meritorious, for illuminating the ſubject by new metaphors or bolder figures than ordinary. He is the coxcomb that ſneers, not he that inſtructs in appropriated diction.

If theſe authors were cenſured, when converſant within their own circle, it was not to be expected that they would be treated with milder indulgence, when they ventured into a ſiſter region. In 1734 they publiſhed a very thick octavo, containing explanatory notes and remarks on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, with the life of the author, and a diſcourſe on the poem. Again were the good ſenſe, the judicious criticiſms, and the ſentiments that broke forth in this work, forgotten in the ſingularities that diſtinguiſh it. The father having ſaid in

apology for being little converſant in claſſic literature, that he had looked into them through his ſon, Hogarth,* whom a quibble could furniſh with wit, drew the father peeping through the nether end of a teleſcope, with which his ſon was perforated, at a Virgil aloft on a ſhelf. Yet how forcibly Richardſon entered into the ſpirit of his author appears from his comprehenſive expreſſion, that *Milton was an ancient born two thouſand years after his time.* Richardſon, however, was as incapable of reaching the ſublime or harmonious in poetry as he was in painting, though ſo capable of illuſtrating both. Some ſpecimens of verſe, that he has given us here and there in his works, excite no curioſity for more, * though he

* More have been given. In June 1776 was publiſhed an octavo volume of poems (and another promiſed) by Jonathan Richardſon, ſenior, with notes by his ſon. They are chiefly moral and religious meditations; now and then there is a pictureſque line or image;

he informs us in his Milton, that if painting was his wife, poetry had been his secret concubine. It is remarkable that another commentator of Milton has made the ſame confeſſion;

> ——ſunt & mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
> Vatem paſtores——

ſays Dr. Bentley. Neither the doctor nor the painter add, *ſed non ego credulus illis*, though all their readers are ready to ſupply it for both.

image; but in general the poetry is very careleſs and indifferent—Yet ſuch a picture of a good mind, ſerene in conſcious innocence, is ſcarcely to be found. It is impoſſible not to love the author, or not to wiſh to be as ſincerely and intentionally virtuous. The book is perhaps more capable of inſpiring emulation of goodneſs than any profeſſed book of devotion, for the author perpetually deſcribes the peace of his mind from the ſatisfaction of having never deviated from what he thought right.

Befides his pictures and commentaries, we have a few etchings by his hand, particularly two or three of Milton, and his own head.

The fale of his collection of drawings, in February 1747, lafted eighteen days, and produced about 2060*l.* his pictures about 700*l.* Hudfon, his fon-in-law, bought many of the drawings. After the death of the fon in 1771, the remains of the father's collection were fold. There were hundreds of portraits of both in chalks by the father, with the dates when executed, for after his retirement from bufinefs, the good old man feems to have amufed himfelf with writing a fhort poem and drawing his own or fon's portrait every day. The fon, equally tender, had marked feveral with expreffions of affection on his *dear father.* There were a few pictures and drawings by the fon, for he painted a little too.

—— GRISONI

—— GRISONI

Was the ſon of a painter at Florence, whence Mr. Talman brought him over in 1715. He painted hiſtory, landſcape, and ſometimes portrait; but his buſineſs declining, he ſold his pictures by auction, in 1728, and returned to his own country with a wife whom he had married here of the name of St. John.

WILLIAM AIKMAN

Was born in Scotland, and educated under ſir John Medina. He came young to London, travelled to Italy, and viſited Turkey, and returned through London to Scotland, where he was patronized by John duke of

 Argyle

Argyle the general, and many of the nobility. After two or three years he ſettled in London, and met with no leſs encouragement—but falling into a long and languiſhing diſtemper, his phyſicians adviſed him to try his native air, but he died at his houſe in Leiceſter-fields, in June 1731, aged fifty. His body, by his own deſire, was carried to and interred in Scotland. Vertue commends his portrait of Gay for the great likeneſs, and quotes the following lines, addreſſed to Aikman on one of his performances, by S. Boyſe;

As Nature bluſhing and aſtoniſhed eyed
Young Aikman's draught, ſurpriz'd the goddeſs cried,
Where didſt thou form, raſh youth, the bold deſign
To teach thy labours to reſemble mine?
So ſoft thy colours, yet ſo juſt thy ſtroke,
That undetermin'd on thy work I look.
To crown thy art cou'dſt thou but language join,
The form had ſpoke, and call'd the conqueſt thine.

In

In * Mallet's works is an epitaph on Mr. Aikman and his only ſon (who died before him) and who were both interred in the ſame grave.

JOHN ALEXANDER,

Of the ſame country with the preceding, was ſon of a clergyman, and I think deſcended from their boaſted Jamiſone. He travelled to Italy, and in 1718 etched ſome plates after Raphael. In 1721 was printed a letter to a friend at Edinburgh, deſcribing a ſtaircaſe painted at the caſtle of Gordon with the rape of Proſerpine by this Mr. Alexander.

* Vol. i. p. 13. printed by Millar, in 3 vols. ſmall octavo, 1769.

Sir JAMES THORNHILL,

A man of much note in his time, who ſucceeded Verrio and was the rival of Laguerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorſetſhire, was knighted by George the firſt, and was elected to repreſent his native town in parliament. His chief works were, the dome of St Paul's, an apartment at Hampton-court, the altar-piece of the chapel of All Souls at Oxford, another for * Weymouth of which he made them a preſent, the hall at Blenheim, the chapel at lord Oxford's at Wimpole in Cambridgeſhire, the ſalon and other things

* The altar-piece at Weymouth was engraved by a young man, his ſcholar, whom he ſet up in that buſineſs.

for Mr. Styles at More-park, Hertfordshire, and the great hall at Greenwich hospital. Yet high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich, and though La Fosse received 2000 *l.* for his work at Montagu-house, and was allowed 500 *l.* for his diet besides, sir James could obtain but 40 *s.* a yard square for the cupola of St. Paul's, and I think no more for Greenwich. When the affairs of the South-sea company were made up, Thornhill, who had painted their stair-case and a little hall by order of Mr. Knight their cashier, demanded 1500 *l.* but the directors learning that he had been paid but 25 *s.* a yard for the hall at Blenheim, they would allow no more. He had a longer contest with Mr. Styles, who had agreed to give him

3500 *l.*

3500 *l.* but not being ſatisfied with the execution, a law-ſuit was commenced, and Dahl, Richardſon, and others were appointed to inſpect the work. They appeared in court, bearing teſtimony to the merit of the performance; Mr. Styles was condemned to pay the money, and by their arbitration 500 *l.* more, for decorations about the houſe and for Thornhill's acting as ſurveyor of the building. This ſuit occaſioning enquiries into matters of the like nature, it appeared that 300 *l.* a year had been allowed to the ſurveyor of Blenheim, beſides travelling charges: 200 *l.* a year to others; and that Gibbs received but 550 *l.* for building St. Martin's church.

By the favour of that general Mecænas, * the earl of Halifax, ſir James was allowed

* It was by the influence of the ſame patron that ſir James was employed to paint the princeſs's apartment at Hampton-court. The duke of Shrewſbury, lord chamberlain,

allowed to copy the cartoons at Hampton-court, on which he employed three years. He executed a ſmaller ſet, of one-fourth part of the dimenſions. Having been very accurate in noticing the defects, and the additions by Cooke who repaired them, and in examining the parts turned in to fit them to the places; and having made copious ſtudies of the heads, hands and feet, he intended to publiſh an exact account of the whole, for the uſe of ſtudents: but this work has never appeared. In 1724 he opened an academy for drawing at his houſe in Covent-garden, and had before propoſed to lord Halifax to obtain the foundation of a royal academy at the upper end of the Mews, with apartments for the

chamberlain, intended it ſhould be executed by Sebaſtian Ricci, but the earl, then firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury, preferring his own countryman, told the duke, that if Ricci painted it, he would not pay him.

profeſſors,

professors, which by an estimate he had made would have cost but 3139 *l.* for sir James dabbled in architecture, and stirred up much envy in that profession by announcing a design of taking it up, as he had before by thinking of applying himself to painting portraits.

Afflicted with the gout and his legs swelling, he set out for his seat at * Thornhill near Weymouth, where four days after his arrival he expired in his chair, May 4, 1734, aged fifty-seven, leaving one son named James, whom he had procured to be appointed serjeant-painter and painter to the navy; and one daughter, married

* Sir James was descended of a very ancient family in Dorsetshire, and repurchased the seat of his ancestors, which had been alienated. There he gratefully erected an obelisk to the memory of George I. his protector. See his pedigree, and a farther account of Thornhill in Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, vol. i. 410, 413. vol. ii. 185, 246, 451, 452.

to that original and unequalled genius, Hogarth.

Sir James's collection, among which were a few capital pictures of the great masters, was ſold in the following year; and with them his two ſets of the cartoons, the ſmaller for ſeventy-five guineas, the larger for only 200 *l.* a price we ought in juſtice to ſuppoſe was owing to the few bidders who had ſpaces in their houſes large enough to receive them. They were purchaſed by the duke of Bedford, and are in the gallery at Bedford-houſe in Bloomſbury-ſquare. In the ſame collection were drawings by one Andrea, a diſciple of Thornhill, who died about the ſame time at Paris.

ROBERT

ROBERT BROWN

Was a diſciple of Thornhill, and worked under him on the cupola of St. Paul's. Setting up for himſelf, he was much employed in decorating ſeveral churches in the city, being admired for his ſkill in painting crimſon curtains, apoſtles, and ſtories out of the New Teſtament. He painted the altar-piece of St. Andrew Underſhaft, and the ſpaces between the gothic arches in chiaro ſcuro. In the pariſh church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, he painted the transfiguration for the altar; in St. Andrew's, Holborn, the figures of St. Andrew and St. John, and two hiſtories on the ſides of the organ. In the chapel of St. John at the end of Bedford-row, he painted St. John the Baptiſt and St. John the Evangeliſt, and even two ſigns that were much admired

admired, that for the Paul's head tavern in Cateaton-ſtreet, and the Baptiſt's head at the corner of Aldermanbury. Correggio's ſign of the muleteer is mentioned by all his biographers. Brown, I doubt, was no Correggio.

— BELLUCCI,

An Italian painter of hiſtory, arrived here in 1716, from the court of the elector Palatine. In 1722 he finiſhed a cieling at Buckingham-houſe, for which the ducheſs paid him 500*l.* He was alſo employed on the chapel of Canons; that large and coſtly palace of the duke of Chandos, which by a fate as tranſient as its founder's, barely ſurvived him, being pulled down as ſoon as he was dead; and, as if in mockery of ſublunary grandeur, the ſcite and

 materials

materials were purchaſed by Hallet the cabinet-maker. Though Pope was too grateful to mean a ſatire on Canons, while he recorded all its oſtentatious want of taſte, and too ſincere to have denied it, if he had meant it, he might without blame have moralized on the event in an epiſtle purely ethic, had he lived to behold its fall and change of maſters.

Bellucci executed ſome other works which Vertue does not ſpecify; but being afflicted with the gout, quitted this country, leaving a nephew, who went to Ireland, and made a fortune by painting portraits there.

BALTHAZAR DENNER,

Of Hamburgh, one of thoſe laborious artiſts, whoſe works ſurprize rather than pleaſe, and who could not be ſo excellent if they had not more patience than genius, came hither upon encouragement from the king, who had ſeen of his works at Hanover and promiſed to ſit to him, but Denner ſucceeding ill in the pictures of two of the favourite German ladies, he loſt the footing he had expected at court: his fame however roſe very high on his exhibiting the head of an old woman, that he brought over with him, about ſixteen inches high, and thirteen wide, in which the grain of the ſkin, the hairs, the down, the glaſſy humour of the eyes, were repreſented with the moſt exact minuteneſs. It gained him more applauſe than cuſtom, for a man

could not execute many works who employed ſo much time to finiſh them. Nor did he even find a purchaſer here; but the emperor bought the picture for ſix hundred ducats. At Hamburgh he began a companion to it, an old man, which he brought over and finiſhed here in 1726, and ſold like the former. He painted himſelf, his wife and children, with the ſame circumſtantial detail, and a half length of himſelf, which was in the poſſeſſion of one Swarts, a painter, totally unknown to me. He reſolved however, ſays Vertue, to quit this painful practice, and turn to a bolder and leſs finiſhed ſtyle; but whether he did or not is uncertain. He left England in 1728. The portrait of John Frederic Weickman of Hamburgh, painted by Denner, is ſaid to be in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

—

FRANCIS

FRANCIS FERG,

Born at Vienna in 1689, was a charming painter, who had compofed a manner of his own from * various Flemifh painters, though refembling Polenburgh moft in the enamelled foftnefs and mellownefs of his colouring: but his figures are greatly fuperior; every part of them is fufficiently finifhed, every action expreffive. He painted fmall landfcapes, fairs, and rural meetings, with the moft agreeable truth; his horfes and cattle are not inferior to

* Hans Graf, Orient, and laftly Alex. Thiele, painter of the court of Saxony, who invited him to Drefden to infert fmall figures in his landfcapes. Ferg thence went into Lower Saxony and painted for the duke of Brunfwick, and for the gallery of Saltzdahl.

Wouvermans, and his buildings and diſtances ſeem to owe their reſpective ſoftneſs to the intervening air, not to the pencil. More faithful to nature than Denner, he knew how to omit exactneſs, when the reſult of the whole demands a leſs preciſion in parts. This pleaſing artiſt paſſed twenty years here, but little known, and always indigent, unhappy in his domeſtic, he was ſometimes in priſon, and never at eaſe at home, the conſequence of which was diſſipation. He died ſuddenly in the ſtreet one night, as he was returning from ſome friends, about the year 1738, having not attained his fiftieth year. He left four children.

THOMAS

THOMAS GIBSON,

A man of a most amiable character, ſays, Vertue, had for ſome time great buſineſs, but an ill ſtate of health for ſome years interrupted his application, and about 1730 he diſpoſed of his pictures privately amongſt his friends. He not long after removed to Oxford, and I believe practiſed again in London. He died April 28, 1751, aged about ſeventy-one. Vertue ſpeaks highly of his integrity and modeſty, and ſays he offended his cotemporary artiſts by forbearing to raiſe his prices; and adds, what was not ſurpriſing in ſuch congenial goodneſs, that of all the profeſſion Gibſon was his moſt ſincere friend.

—— HILL

Was born in 1661, and learned to draw of the engraver Faithorne. He painted many portraits, and died at Mitcham in 1734.

P. MONAMY,

A good painter of ſea-pieces, was born in Jerſey, and certainly from his circumſtances or the views of his family, had little reaſon to expect the fame he afterwards acquired, having received his firſt rudiments of drawing from a ſign and houſe-painter on London-bridge. But when nature gives real talents, they break forth in the homelieſt ſchool. The ſhallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what

what his maſter could not teach him, and fitted him to imitate the turbulence of the ocean. In painter's-hall is a large piece by him, painted in 1726. He died at his houſe in Weſtminſter the beginning of 1749.

JAMES VAN HUYSUM,

Brother of John, that exquiſite painter of fruit and flowers, came over in 1721, and would have been thought a great maſter in that way, if his brother had never appeared. Old Baptiſt had more freedom than John Huyſum, but no man ever yet approached to the finiſhing and roundneſs of the latter. James lived a yêar or two with ſir Robert Walpole at Chelſea, and copied many pieces of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, Claud Lorrain, Gaſpar, and other maſters, which

which are now over the doors and chimnies in the attic ſtory at Houghton; but his drunken diſſolute conduct occaſioned his being diſmiſſed.

JAMES MAUBERT

Diſtinguiſhed himſelf by copying all the portraits he could meet with of Engliſh poets, ſome of which he painted in ſmall ovals. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Pope, and ſome others, he painted from the life. He died at the end of 1746. Vertue ſays he mightily adorned his pictures with flowers, honey-ſuckles, &c.

—— PESNE,

—— PESNE,

A Parisian, who had ſtudied at Rome, and been painter to the king of Pruſſia, great-grandfather of the preſent king. He came hither in 1724, and drew ſome of the royal family, but in the gawdy ſtyle of his own country, which did not at that time ſucceed here.

JOHN STEVENS,

A landſcape-painter, who chiefly imitated Vandieſt, painted ſmall pictures, but was moſtly employed for pieces over doors and chimnies. He died in 1722.

JOHN SMIBERT.

Of Edinburgh, was born about 1684, and ſerved his time with a common houſe-painter; but eager to handle a pencil in a more elevated ſtyle, he came to London, where however for ſubſiſtence he was forced to content himſelf at firſt with working for coach-painters. It was a little riſe to be employed in copying for dealers, and from thence he obtained admittance into the academy. His efforts and ardour at laſt carried him to Italy, where he ſpent three years in copying portraits of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and Rubens, and improved enough to meet with much buſineſs at his return. When his induſtry and abilities had thus ſurmounted the aſperities of his fortune, he was tempted againſt the perſuaſion of his friends

ſriends to embark in the uncertain but amuſing ſcheme of the famous dean Berkeley, afterwards biſhop of Cloyne, whoſe benevolent heart was then warmly ſet on the erection of an univerſal college of ſcience and arts in Bermudas, for the inſtruction of heathen children in chriſtian duties and civil knowledge. Smibert, a ſilent and modeſt man, who abhorred the fineſſe of ſome of his profeſſion, was enchanted with a plan that he thought promiſed him tranquility and honeſt ſubſiſtence in a healthful Elyſian climate, * and

* One may conceive too how a man ſo devoted to his art muſt have been animated, when the dean's enthuſiaſm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of proſpects, rich, warm, and glowing with ſcenery, which no pencil had yet made cheap and common by a ſameneſs of thinking and imagination. As our diſputes and politics have travelled to America, is it not probable that poetry and painting too will revive amidſt thoſe extenſive tracts as they increaſe in opulence and empire, and where the ſtores of nature are ſo various, ſo magnificent, and ſo new?

in ſpite of remonſtrances engaged with the dean, whoſe zeal had ranged the favour of the court on his ſide. The king's death diſpelled the viſion. Smibert however, who had ſet ſail, found it convenient or had reſolution enough to proceed, but ſettled at Boſton in New England, where he ſucceeded to his wiſh, and married a woman with a conſiderable fortune, whom he left a widow with two children in March 1751. A panegyric on him, written there, was printed here in the Courant, 1730. Vertue, in whoſe notes I find theſe particulars, mentions another painter of the ſame country, one Alexander Neſbitt of Leith, born in 1682, but without recording any cirumſtances relative to him.

——— TREVETT

Was a painter of architecture and master of the company of painter-ſtainers, to whoſe hall he preſented one of his works. He painted ſeveral views both of the inſide and outſide of St. Paul's, intending to have them engraved, for which purpoſe Vertue worked on them ſome time; but the deſign was never compleated. He began too a large view of London, on ſeveral ſheets, from the ſteeple of St. Mary Overy, but died in 1723.

HENRY TRENCH

Was a cotemporary of Kent, and gained a prize in the academy of St. Luke at Rome, at

at the ſame time. Trench was born in Ireland, but ſtudied many years in Italy, and for ſome time under Gioſeppe Chiari. Returning to England, he profeſſed painting hiſtory, but not finding encouragement, went back to Italy and ſtudied two years more. He came over for the laſt time in 1725, but died the next year, and was buried at Paddington.

PETER TILLEMANS

Not only diſtinguiſhed himſelf above moſt of his competitors, but which is far more to his honour, has left works that ſuſtain themſelves even in * capital collections. He

* His view of Chatſworth hangs among ſeveral fine pictures at Devonſhire-houſe, and is not diſgraced by them.

was

was † born at Antwerp, and made himſelf a painter, though he ſtudied under very indifferent maſters. In 1708 he was brought to England, with his brother-in-law Caſteels, by one Turner, a dealer in pictures; and employed by him in copying Bourgognon and other maſters, in which he ſucceeded admirably, particularly Teniers, of whom he preſerved all the freedom and ſpirit. He generally painted landſcapes with ſmall figures, ſea-ports and views; but when he came to be known, he was patronized by ſeveral men of quality; and drew views of their ſeats, huntings, races, and horſes in perfection. In this way he was much employed both in the weſt and north of England, and in Wales, and drew many proſpects for the intended hiſtory of Nottinghamſhire by Mr. Bridges. He had the honour of inſtructing the late lord

† His father was a diamond-cutter.

 Byron,

Byron, who did great credit to his maſter, as may be ſeen by ſeveral of his lordſhip's drawings at his beautiful and venerable ſeat at Newſtede-abbey in Nottingham-ſhire, and where Tillemans himſelf muſt have improved amidſt ſo many * fine pictures of animals and huntings. There are two long prints of horſes and hunting deſigned and etched by him, and dedicated to his patrons, the duke of Devonſhire and lord Byron. With Joſeph Goupy he was prevailed upon to paint a ſet of ſcenes for the opera, which were much admired. After labouring many years under an aſthma, for which he chiefly reſided at Richmond, he died at Norton † in Suffolk Decem-

* Theſe have ſince been ſold by auction. There is a very ſcarce print of John Weſt, firſt earl of Delawarre, from a drawing by that Lord Byron.

† In the houſe of Dr. Macro, by whom he had been long employed. He was buried in the church of Stow-Langtoft. Brit. Topogr. vol. ii. p. 38.

ber 5, 1734, at about the fiftieth year of his age.

JOHN VANDREBANK,

A painter much in faſhion in the reigns of the two laſt kings, is ſaid by Vertue to be an Engliſhman (though by his name at leaſt of foreign extraction) and to have attained his ſkill without any aſſiſtance from ſtudy abroad. Had he not been careleſs and extravagant, ſays my author, he might have made a greater figure than almoſt any painter this nation had produced; ſo bold and free was his pencil and ſo maſterly his drawing. He died of a conſumption when he was not above forty-five, in Hollis-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, December 23, 1739. John Vandrebank gave the deſigns of a ſet of plates for Don Quixote. He

had a brother of the ſame profeſſion; and a couſin, called

SAMUEL BARKER,

Whom he inſtructed in the art, but who having a talent for painting fruit and flowers, imitated Baptiſt, and would probably have made a good maſter, but died young in 1727.

PETER VAN BLEECK,

Came into England in 1723, and was reckoned a good painter of portraits. There is a fine mezzotinto, done in the following reign, from a picture which he painted of thoſe excellent comedians, John-

ſon

ſon and Griffin, in the characters of Ananias and Tribulation, in the Alchymiſt. I have mentioned Johnſon in this work before, as the moſt natural actor I ever ſaw. Griffin's eye and tone were a little too comic, and betrayed his inward mirth, though his muſcles were ſtrictly ſteady. Mr. Weſton is not inferior to Johnſon in the firmneſs of his countenance, though leſs univerſal, as Johnſon was equally great in ſome tragic characters. In biſhop Gardiner he ſupported the inſolent dignity of a perſecutor; and compleatly a prieſt, ſhifted it in an inſtant to the fawning inſincerity of a ſlave, as ſoon as Henry frowned. This was indeed hiſtory, when Shakeſpeare wrote it, and Johnſon repreſented it. When we read it in fictitious harangues and wordy declamation, it is a tale told by a pedant to a ſchool-boy. Vanbleeck died July 20, 1764.

H. VANDERMIJN.

Another Dutch painter, came over recommended by lord Cadogan the general, and in his manner carried to excefs the laborious minutenefs of his countrymen; faithfully imitating the details of lace, embroidery, fringes, and even the threads of ftockings. Yet even this accuracy in artificial trifles, which is often praifed by the people as *natural*, nor the protection of the court, could eftablifh his reputation as a good mafter; though perhaps the time he wafted on his works, in which at leaft he was the reverfe of his flatternly cotemporaries, prevented his enriching himfelf as they did. In hiftory he is faid to have had greater merit. He was more fortunate in receiving 500 *l.* for repairing the paintings at Burleigh. The prince of Orange fat to him,

him, and he fucceeded fo well in the likenefs, that the late prince of Wales not only fent for him to draw his picture, but prevailed on his fifter the princefs of Orange to draw Vandermijn's; for her royal highnefs, as well as princefs Caroline, both honoured the art by their performances in crayons. This fingular diftinction was not the only one Vandermijn received; George the firft, and the late king and queen, then prince and princefs, anfwered for his fon, a hopeful lad, who was loft at the age of fixteen, by the breaking of the ice as he was fcating at Marybone, at the end of the great froft in 1740. Vandermijn had a fifter called Agatha, who came over with him, and painted fruit, flowers, and dead fowls. I do not find in what year he died.

ENOCH ZEEMAN.

Vertue has preferved few anecdotes of this painter, whom I remember in much bufinefs. His father and three brothers followed the fame profeffion; one of them in water-colours; but Enoch was moft in fafhion. At nineteen he painted his own portrait in the finical manner of Denner, and executed the heads of an old man and woman in the fame ftyle afterwards. He died fuddenly in 1744, leaving a fon, called Paul, who followed the fame profeffion. Ifaac Zeeman, brother of Enoch, died April 4, 1751, leaving alfo a fon who was a painter.

WATTEAU.

WATTEAU.

England has very ſlender pretenſions to this original and engaging painter; he having come hither only to conſult Dr. Meade, for whom he painted two pictures, that were ſold in the doctor's collection. The genius of Watteau reſembled that of his countryman D'urfè? the one drew and the other wrote of imaginary nymphs and ſwains, and deſcribed a kind of impoſſible paſtoral, a rural life led by thoſe oppoſites of rural ſimplicity, people of faſhion and rank. Watteau's ſhepherdeſſes, nay, his very ſheep, are coquet; yet he avoided the glare and clinquant of his countrymen; and though he fell ſhort of the dignified grace of the Italians, there is an eaſy air in his figures, and that more familiar ſpecies of the graceful which we call genteel. His

nymphs

nymphs are as much below the forbidding majeſty of goddeſſes, as they are above the hoyden awkwardneſs of country-girls. In his halts and marches of armies, the careleſs ſlouch of his ſoldiers ſtill retain the air of a nation that aſpires to be agreeable as well as victorious.

But there is one fault of Watteau, for which till lately I could never account. His trees appear as unnatural to our eyes, as his figures muſt do to a real peaſant who had never ſtirred beyond his village. In my late journies to Paris the cauſe of this grievous abſurdity was apparent to me, though nothing can excuſe it. Watteau's trees are copied from thoſe of the Tuilleries and villas near Paris; a ſtrange ſcene to ſtudy nature in! There I ſaw the originals of thoſe tufts of plumes and fans, and trimmed-up groves, that nod to one another like the ſcenes of an opera. Fantaſtic people! who range and faſhion their

trees,

trees, and teach them to hold up their heads, as a dancing-maſter would, if he expected Orpheus ſhould return to play a minuet to them.

ROBERT WOODCOCK,

Of a gentleman's family, became a painter by genius and inclination. He had a place under the government, which he quitted to devote himſelf to his art, which he practiſed ſolely on ſea-pieces. He drew in that way from his childhood, and ſtudied the technical part of ſhips with ſo much attention, that he could cut out a ſhip with all the maſts and rigging to the utmoſt exactneſs. In 1723 he began to practiſe in oil, and in two years copied above forty pictures of Vandevelde. With ſo good a foundation he openly profeſſed the art, and his improvements were ſo rapid that the duke of Chandos gave him thirty

guineas

guineas for one of his pieces. Nor was his talent for muſic leſs remarkable. He both played on the hautboy and compoſed, and ſome of his compoſitions in ſeveral parts were publiſhed. But theſe promiſing abilities were cut off e'er they had reached their maturity, by that enemy of the ingenious and ſedentary, the gout. He died April 10, 1728, in the thirty-ſeventh year of his age, and was buried at Chelſea.

ISAAC WHOOD

Painted portraits in oil, and in black-lead on vellom, chiefly profiles. He was patronized by Wriotheſley duke of Bedford, and has left ſeveral of his works at Woburn-abbey. He died in Bloomſbury-ſquare, February 24, 1752, aged ſixty-three. He was remarkable for his humour, and happy application of paſſages in Hudibras.

—— VOGELSANG,

—— VOGELSANG,

Of what country I know not, was a landſcape-painter, who went to Ireland, where he had good buſineſs; but leaving it to go to Scotland, was not equally ſucceſsful, and returned to London. Theſe are all the traces I find of him in Vertue's notes.

—— ZURICH,

Of Dreſden, was ſon of a jeweller, who bred him to his own buſineſs, but giving him ſome inſtructions in drawing too, the young man preferred the latter, and applied himſelf to miniature and enamelling. He ſtudied in the academy of Berlin, and came to England about 1715, where he met with encouragement, though now forgotten, and obſcured by his countryman that ſecond Petitot, Zincke, whom I ſhall mention in the next reign. Zurich died

about Chriſtmas 1735, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried near the Lutheran church in the Savoy, leaving a ſon about twelve years old. Frederic Peterſon was an enameller about the ſame time, and died in 1729.

CHRISTIAN RICHTER,

Son of a ſilverſmith at Stockholm, came over in 1702 and practiſed in oil, chiefly ſtudying the works of Dahl, from which he learned a ſtrong manner of colouring, and which he tranſplanted into his miniatures, for which he is beſt known. In the latter part of his life he applied to enamelling, but died, before he had made great proficience in that branch, in November, 1732, at about the age of fifty. He had ſeveral brothers, artiſts, one a medalliſt at Vienna, and another at Venice, a painter of views. Richter was member of a club with Dahl and ſeveral gentlemen,

gentlemen, whofe heads his brother modelled by the life, and from thence made medals in filver. I mention this as it may explain to collectors the origine of thofe medals, when they are met with. Sir William Rich, Grey Neville, and others, were of the club, and I think fome foreign gentlemen.

JACQUES ANTOINE ARLAUD

Was born at Geneva, May 18, 1668, and was defigned for the church, but poverty obliged him to turn painter. At the age of twenty he quitted Geneva, worked at Dijon, and from thence repaired to Paris, where, fucceeding in miniature, he was approved of by the academy and countenanced by the king. The regent admired him ftill more—I am almoft afraid to repeat what follows, fo much exaggeration feems to have been mixed with the account.

account. Having copied a Leda, my author says from a baserelief of Angelo, I rather suppose it was the famous Leda of Coreggio destroyed by the bigotry of the regent's son, all Paris was struck with the performance. The duc de la Force gave twelve thousand livres for it, but the duke being a sufferer by the Mississipi [probably before the picture was paid for] restored it to Arlaud, with 4000 livres for the time he had enjoyed it. In 1721 Arlaud brought this chef d'œuvre to London, but would not sell it—but sold a copy of it, says the same author, for six hundred pounds sterling. This fact is quite incredible. The painter was at least so much admired, that he received many presents of medals, which are still in the library of Geneva. But poor Leda was again condemned to be the victim of devotion—in 1738 Arlaud himself destroyed her in a fit of piety, yet still with so much parental fondness, that he cut

cut her to pieces anatomically. This happened at Geneva. Monf. de Champeau, then refident there from France, obtained the head and one foot of the diffected; a lady got an arm. The comte de Lautrec, then at Geneva, and not quite fo fcrupulous, rated Arlaud for demolifhing fo fine a work. The painter died May 25, 1743. Thefe particularities are extracted from the poems of Monf. de Bar, printed at Amfterdam in 3 volumes, 1750. In the third volume is an ode on the Leda in queftion. Vertue fpeaks incidentally of the noife this picture made in London, but fays nothing of the extravagant price of the copy. The duchefs of Montagu has a head of her father when young, and another of her grandfather the great duke of Marlborough, both in water-colours by Arlaud. The celebrated count Hamilton wrote a little poem to him on his portrait of the Pretender's fifter. *See his works, vol.* 4, *p.* 279.

Mrs. HOADLEY,

Whoſe maiden name was Sarah Curtis, was diſciple of Mrs. Beal, and a paintreſs of portraits by profeſſion, when ſhe was ſo happy as to become the wife of that great and good man, Dr. Hoadley, afterwards biſhop of Wincheſter. From that time ſhe only practiſed the art for her amuſement; though if we may judge of her talents by the print from her portrait of Whiſton, the art loſt as much as ſhe gained—but oſtentation was below the ſimplicity of character that enobled that excellent family. She died in 1743. In the library at Chatſworth, in a collection of poems is one addreſſed by a lady to Mrs. Sarah Hoadley on her excellent painting.

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. II.

Architects and other Artists, in the Reign of GEORGE I.

THE stages of no art have been more distinctly marked than those of architecture in Britain. It is not probable that our masters the Romans ever taught us more than the construction of arches. Those, imposed on clusters of disproportioned pillars, composed the whole gram-

mar of our Saxon anceſtors. Churches and caſtles were the only buildings, I ſhould ſuppoſe, they erected of ſtone. As no taſte was beſtowed on the former, no beauty was ſought in the latter. Maſſes to reſiſt, and uncouth towers for keeping watch, were all the conveniencies they demanded. As even luxury was not ſecure but in a church, ſucceeding refinements were ſolely laid out on religious fabrics, till by degrees was perfected the bold ſcenery of Gothic architecture, with all its airy embroidery and penſile vaults. Holbein, as I have ſhewn, checked that falſe, yet venerable ſtyle, and firſt attempted to ſober it to claſſic meaſures; but not having gone far enough, his imitators, without his taſte, compounded a mungrel ſpecies, that had no boldneſs, no lightneſs, and no ſyſtem. This laſted till Inigo Jones, like his countryman and cotemporary Milton, diſcloſed the beauties of ancient Greece, and eſta-

bliſhed ſimplicity, harmony, and proportion. That ſchool however was too chaſte to flouriſh long. Sir Chriſtopher Wren lived to ſee it almoſt expire before him; and after a mixture of French and Dutch uglineſs had expelled truth, without erecting any certain ſtyle in its ſtead, Vanbrugh with his ponderous and unmeaning maſſes overwhelmed architecture in meer maſonry. Will poſterity believe that ſuch piles were erected in the very period when St. Paul's was finiſhing?

Vanbrugh's immediate ſucceſſors had no taſte, yet ſome of them did not forget that there was ſuch a ſcience as regular architecture. Still there was a Mr. Archer, the groom-porter, who built Hethrop, * and a temple

* St. Philip's church at Birmingham, Cliefden-houſe, and a houſe at Roehampton, (which as a ſpecimen of his wretched taſte may be ſeen in the Vitruvius Britan-

temple at Wreſt; and one Wakefield, who gave the deſign of Helmſley; each of whom ſeemed to think that Vanbrugh had delivered the art from ſhackles; and that they might build whatever ſeemed good in their own eyes. Yet before I mention the ſtruggles made by the art to reſume its juſt empire, there was a diſciple of Sir Chriſtopher Wren that ought not to be forgotten; his name was

NICHOLAS HAWKSMOOR.

At eighteen he became the ſcholar of Wren, under whom during his life, and on his own account after his maſter's death, he was concerned in erecting many public

Britannicus) were other works of the ſame perſon; but the chef d'œuvre of his abſurdity was the church of St. John, with four belfrys in Weſtminſter.

edifices.

edifices. So early as Charles's reign he was ſupervifor of the palace at Winchefter, and under the ſame eminent architect aſ-ſiſted in conducting the works at St. Paul's to their concluſion. He was deputy-ſur-veyor at the building Chelſea-college, and clerk of the works at Greenwich, and was continued in the ſame poſt by king William, queen Anne, and George the firſt, at Kenſington, Whitehall, and St. James's; and under the latter prince was firſt ſurveyor of all the new churches and of Weſtminſter-abbey from the death of Sir Chriſtopher, and deſigned ſeveral of the temples that were erected in purſuance of the ſtatute of queen Anne for raiſing fifty new churches; their names are, St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard-ſtreet; Chriſt-church, Spital-fields; St. George, Middleſex; St. Anne, Limehouſe; and St. George, Bloomſbury; the ſteeple of which is a maſter-ſtroke of abſurdity, conſiſting of an obeliſk, crowned

crowned with the ſtatue of king George the Firſt, and hugged by the royal ſupporters. A lion, an unicorn, and a king on ſuch an eminence are very ſurpriſing:

> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there.

He alſo rebuilt ſome part of All-Souls college, * Oxford, the two towers over the gate of which are copies of his own ſteeple of St. Anne, Limehouſe. At Blenheim and Caſtle-Howard he was aſſociated with Vanbrugh, at the latter of which he was employed in erecting the magnificent mauſoleum there when he died. He built ſeveral conſiderable houſes for various perſons, particularly Eaſton Neſton in Northamptonſhire;

* Dr. Clarke, member for Oxford, and benefactor to that univerſity, built three ſides of the ſquare called Peckwater at Chriſt-church, and the church of All Saints in the high ſtreet there.

thamptonſhire; reſtored a defect in the minſter of Beverley by a machine of his own invention; * repaired in a judicious manner the weſt end of Weſtminſter-abbey; and gave a deſign for the Ratcliffe library at Oxford. His knowledge in every ſcience connected with his art is much commended, and his character remains unblemiſhed. He died March 25, 1736, aged near ſeventy. The above particulars are taken from an account of him given in the public papers, and ſuppoſed by Vertue to be drawn up by his ſon-in-law Mr. Blackerby. Many of the encomiums I omit, becauſe this is intended as an impartial regiſter of, not as a panegyric on, our artiſts. When I have erred on either ſide, in commending or blaming, I offer but my own judgment,

* Of that machine by which he ſcrewed up the fabric with extraordinary art, there was a print publiſhed.

which

which is authority to nobody elſe, and ought to be canvaſſed or ſet right by abler deciſions. Hawkſmoor deviated a little from the leſſons and practice of his maſter, and certainly did not improve on them; but the moſt diſtinguiſhed architect was

JAMES GIBBS,

Who without deviating from eſtabliſhed rules, proved what has been ſeen in other arts, that meer mechanic knowledge may avoid faults, without furniſhing beauties; that grace does not depend on rules; and that taſte is not to be learnt. Virgil and Statius uſed the ſame number of feet in their verſes; and Gibbs knew the proportions of the five orders as well as Inigo; yet the Banquetting-houſe is a ſtandard, and no man talks of one edifice of Gibbs.

In

In all is wanting that harmonious ſimplicity that ſpeaks a genius—and that is often not remarked till it has been approved of by one. It is that grace and that truth, ſo much meditated, and delivered at once with ſuch correctneſs and eaſe in the works of the ancients, which good ſenſe admires and conſecrates, becauſe it correſponds with nature. Their ſmall temples and ſtatues, like their writings, charm every age by their ſymmetry and graces and the juſt meaſure of what is neceſſary; while pyramids and the ruins of Perſepolis, only make the vulgar ſtare at their gigantic and clumſy grandeur. Gibbs, like Vanbrugh, had no averſion to ponderoſity, but not being endued with much invention, was only regularly heavy. His praiſe was fidelity to rules; his failing, want of grace.

He was born at Aberdeen in 1683, and ſtudied his art in Italy. About the year

1720 he became the architect most in vogue, and the next year gave the design of St. Martin's church, which was finished in five years, and cost thirty-two thousand pounds. His likewise was St. Mary's in the Strand, one of the fifty new churches, a monument of the piety more than of the taste of the nation. The new church at Derby was another of his works; so was the new building at King's college, Cambridge, and the senate-house there, the latter of which was not so bad as to justify erecting the middle building in a style very dissonant. The Ratcliffe library * is more exceptionable, and seems to have sunk into the ground; or, as Sarah Duchess of Marlborough said of another building, † it

* At the opening the library, Gibbs was complimented by the university with the degree of Master of Arts.

† Of her own house at Wimbledon, built for her by Henry earl of Pembroke, mentioned hereafter; but it was

it looks as if it was making a curtſy. Gibbs, though he knew little of Gothic architecture, was more fortunate in the quadrangle of All Souls, * which has blundered

was her own fault. She inſiſted on the offices not being under ground, and yet ſhe would not mount a flight of ſteps. The earl ingeniouſly avoided ſuch a contradiction by ſinking the ground round the lower ſtory.

* In the late publication of A. Wood's Hiſtory and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls in Oxford, I am juſtly corrected for attributing the new buildings at All Souls to Gibbs, though in another place I had rightly aſcribed them to Hawkſmoor. It is very true; I confeſs my miſtake and ſtrange negligence, for I made thoſe contradictory aſſertions within very few pages of each other. I am told too that there was no blunder in the ſtyle of the building, which was intentional; the library being built in conformity to the chapel, and it being the intention of the architect of the new buildings to build them in the ſame ſtyle, viz. in the Gothic. It was undoubtedly judicious to make the library conſonant to the chapel, and the new buildings to both, which the Editor ſays are Gothic. If the new buildings are juſt copies of Gothic, it is I who have blundered, not the architect—but I confeſs I thought the architect had imitated his models ſo ill, and yet had contrived to ſtrike out ſo handſome a piece of

dered into a pictureſque ſcenery not void of grandeur, eſpecially if ſeen through the gate that leads from the ſchools. The aſſemblage of buildings in that quarter, though no ſingle one is beautiful, always

of ſcenery, that what I meant to expreſs, was, that he had happily blundered into ſomething, which though it miſſed the graceful and impoſing dignity of Gothic architecture, has yet ſome reſemblance to it in the effect of the whole. When Hawkſmoor lived, Gothic architecture had been little ſtudied, nor were its conſtituent beauties at all underſtood: and whatever the intention of the architect or of his directors was, I believe they blundered, if they thought that the new buildings at All Souls are in the true Gothic ſtyle. I was in the wrong to impute that error to Gibbs; but I doubt Hawkſmoor will not remain juſtified, if, as it is ſaid, he intended to make the new buildings Gothic, which I preſume they are far from being correctly, as they might rather be taken for a mixture of Vanbrugh's and Batty Langley's clumſy miſconceptions. Should the univerſity be diſpoſed to add decorations in the genuine ſtyle of the colleges, they poſſeſs an architect who is capable of *thinking* in the ſpirit of the founders. Mr. Wyat, at Mr. Barrett's at Lee near Canterbury, has, with a diſciple's fidelity to the models of his maſters, ſuperadded the invention of a genius. The little library has all the air of an abbot's ſtudy, except that it diſcovers more taſte.

ſtruck

ſtruck me with ſingular pleaſure, as it conveys ſuch a viſion of large edifices, unbroken by private houſes, as the mind is apt to entertain of renowned cities that exiſt no longer. *

In 1728 Gibbs publiſhed a large folio of his own deſigns, which I think will confirm the character I have given of his

* It is the ſame kind of viſionary enchantment that ſtrikes in the gardens at Stowe. Though ſome of the buildings, particularly thoſe of Vanbrugh and Gibbs, are far from beautiful, yet the rich landſcapes occaſioned by the multiplicity of temples and obeliſks, and the various pictures that preſent themſelves as we ſhift our ſituation, occaſion ſurprize and pleaſure, ſometimes recalling Albano's landſcapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe. It is juſt to add that the improvements made by lord Temple have profited of the preſent perfect ſtyle of architecture and gardening. The temple of Concord and Victory preſiding over ſo noble a valley, the great arch deſigned by Mr. T. Pitt, and the ſmaller in honour of Princeſs Amelie, diſcloſing a wonderfully beautiful perſpective over the Elyſian fields to the Palladian bridge, and up to the caſtle on the hill, are monuments of taſte, and ſcenes, that I much queſtion if Tempe or Daphne exhibited.

works.

works. His arched windows, his ruftic-laced windows, his barbarous buildings for gardens, his cumbrous chimney-pieces, and vafes without grace, are ftriking proofs of his want of tafte. He got 1500 *l.* by this publication, and fold the plates afterwards for 400 *l.* more. His reputation was however eftablifhed, and the following compliment, preferved by Vertue, on his monument of Prior in Weftminfter-abbey, fhews that he did not want fond admirers:

While Gibbs difplays his elegant defign,
And Ryfbrack's art does in the fculpture fhine,
With due compofure and proportion juft
Adding new luftre to the finifh'd buft,
Each artift here perpetuates his name,
And fhares with Prior an immortal fame. T. W.

There are three prints of Gibbs, one from a picture of Huyffing, and another from one of Schryder, a Swifs, who was afterwards painter to the king of Sweden, and the third from Hogarth. Gibbs was afflict-

ed

ed with the gravel and ſtone and went to Spa in 1749, but did not die till Auguſt 5, 1754. He bequeathed an hundred pounds to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, of which he was architect and governor, the ſame to the Foundling hoſpital, and his library and prints to the Ratcliffe library at Oxford, beſides charities, and legacies to his relations and friends.

COLIN CAMPBELL,

A countryman of Gibbs, had fewer faults, but not more imagination. He publiſhed three large folios under the title of Vitruvius Britannicus, containing many of his own deſigns, with plans of other architects; but he did not foreſee with how much more juſtice that title would be worn by ſucceeding volumes to be added to his works. One has already been given. The

beſt of Campbell's deſigns, are Wanſtead, the Rolls, and Mereworth in Kent: the latter avowedly copied from Palladio. Campbell was ſurveyor of the works at Greenwich hoſpital, and died in 1734.

JOHN JAMES,

Of whom I find no mention in Vertue's notes, was, as I am informed, conſiderably employed in the works at Greenwich; where he ſettled. He built the church there, and the houſe for ſir Gregory Page at Blackheath, the idea of which was taken from Houghton. James likewiſe built the church of St. George Hanover-ſquare, the body of the church at Twickenham, and that of St. Luke, Middleſex, which has a fluted obeliſk for its ſteeple. He tranſlated from the French ſome books on gardening.

—— CARPENTIERE,

Or Charpentiere, a ſtatuary much employed by the duke of Chandos at Canons, was for ſome years principal aſſiſtant to Van Oſt, an artiſt of whom I have found no memorials, and afterwards ſet up for himſelf. Towards the end of his life he kept a manufacture of leaden ſtatues in Piccadilly, and died in 1737, aged above ſixty.

CHARLES CHRISTIAN REISEN,

The celebrated engraver of ſeals, was ſon of Chriſtian Reiſen of Drontheim in Norway, * who had followed the ſame profeſſion,

* The father, on his voyage to England, had been driven by a ſtorm to Scotland, and worked at Aberdeen

ſion, and who with one Stykes were the firſt artiſts of that kind who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in England. The father died here leaving a widow and a numerous family, the eldeſt of which was Charles Chriſtian, who though ſcarce twenty had made ſo rapid a progreſs under his father's inſtructions, that he became the ſupport of the family, and in a few years equalled any modern that had attempted the art of intaglia. He was born in the pariſh of St. Clement's Danes, and on account of his extraction was recommended to prince George, but being little verſed in the language of his family, does not ap-

deen for one Melvin, a goldſmith, for two years before he came to London, where he arrived on the ſecond day of the great fire in September 1666. Here he firſt began to engrave ſeals, having been only a goldſmith before. Afterwards he was confined in the Tower for four years, on ſuſpicion of engraving dies for coining, but was diſcharged without a trial,

pear

pear to have been particularly encouraged by his royal highneſs. The force of his genius however attracted the notice of ſuch a patron as genius deſerved, and always found at that time, Robert earl of Oxford, whoſe munificence and recommendation ſoon placed Chriſtian (by which name he is beſt known) on the baſis of fortune and fame. In the library and muſeum of that noble collector he found all the helps that a very deficient education had deprived him of; there he learned to ſee with Grecian and Roman eyes, and to produce heads after the antique worthy of his models; for though greatly employed on cutting arms and creſts, and ſuch taſteleſs fantaſies, his excellence lay in imitating the heroes and empreſſes of antiquity. I do not find that he ever attempted cameo. The magic of thoſe works, in which by the help of glaſſes we diſcover all the beauties of ſtatuary and drawing, and even the

ſcience of anatomy, has been reſtricted to an age that was ignorant of microſcopic glaſſes; a problem hitherto unreſolved to ſatisfaction. Chriſtian's fame ſpread beyond the confines of our iſland, and he received frequent commiſſions from Denmark, Germany, and France. Chriſtian, as his fortune and taſte improved, made a collection himſelf of medals, prints, drawings and books; and was choſen director of the academy under ſir Godfrey Kneller. On the trial of biſhop Atterbury, on a queſtion relating to the impreſſion of a ſeal, he was thought the beſt judge, and was examined accordingly. Vertue repreſents him as a man of a jovial and free, and even ſarcaſtic temper and of much humour, an inſtance of which was, that being illiterate, but converſing with men of various countries, he had compoſed a dialect ſo droll and diverting, that it grew into a kind of uſe among his acquaintance,

and

and he threatened to publiſh a dictionary of it. His countenance harmonized with his humour, and Chriſtian's mazard was a conſtant joke; a circumſtance not worth mentioning, no more than the lines it occaſioned, but as they fell from the pen of that engaging writer, Mr. Prior. Sir James Thornhill having drawn an extempore profile of Chriſtian, the poet added this diſtich,

This, drawn by candle-light and hazard,
Was meant to ſhow Charles Chriſtian's mazard.

This great artiſt lived * chiefly in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, ſo long the reſidence of moſt of our profeſſors in virtù. He died there of the gout, De-

* He had a houſe too at Putney; a view of which, under the ſatiric title of Bearſdenhall, was publiſhed about 1720. V. Brit. Topogr. vol. ii. p. 280.

cember 15, 1725, when he had not paffed the forty-fixth year of his age, and was buried in the church-yard on the north fide next to the fteps. He appointed his friend fir James Thornhill one of his executors, and dying a batchelor left the bulk of his fortune to a maiden fifter who had conftantly lived with him, and a portion to his brother John.

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. III.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE II.

IT is with complacency I enter upon a more ſhining period in the hiſtory of arts, upon a new æra; for though painting made but feeble efforts towards advancement, yet it was in the reign of George the Second that architecture revived in antique purity; and that an art unknown to every age and climate not only ſtarted into being, but advanced with maſter-ſteps to vigorous

gorous perfection, I mean, the art of gardening, or as I should chuse to call it, *the art of creating landscape.* * Rysbrack and Roubiliac redeemed statuary from reproach, and engraving began to demand better painters, whose works it might imitate. The king, it is true, had little propensity to refined pleasures; but queen Caroline was ever ready to reward merit, and wished to have their reign illustrated by monuments of genius. She enshrined Newton, Boyle, and Locke: she employed Kent, and sat to Zincke. Pope might have

* I have not been able to please myself with a single term that will express ground laid out on principles of natural picturesque beauty, in contradistinction to symmetrical gardens—but I am very clear that the designer of modern improvements in *Landscape-Gardens* (as I will call them for want of a happier appellation) ought by no means to be confounded with the domestic called a *Gardiner*; especially as a word presents itself which will distinguish the different provinces of designing a garden, and of superintending it when laid out. The latter will remain *the Gardiner*, the projector I should propose to denominate *a Gardenist.*

enjoyed

enjoyed her favour, and Swift had it at first, till insolent under the mask of independence, and not content without domineering over her politics, she abandoned him to his ill-humour, and to the vexation of that misguided and disappointed ambition, that perverted and preyed on his excellent genius.

To have an exact view of so long a reign as that of George the Second, it must be remembered that many of the artists already recorded lived past the beginning of it, and were principal performers. Thus the style that had predominated both in painting and architecture in the two preceding reigns, still existed during the first years of the late king, and may be considered as the remains of the schools of Dahl and sir Godfrey Kneller, and of sir Christopher Wren. Richardson and Jervas, Gibbs and Campbell, were still at the head of their respective professions. Each art improved, before the old professors left the

the ſtage. Vanloo introduced a better ſtyle of draperies, which by the help of Vanaken became common to and indeed the ſame in the works of almoſt all our painters; and Leoni, by publiſhing and imitating Palladio, diſencumbered architecture from ſome of the weight with which it had been overloaded. Kent, lord Burlington, and lord Pembroke, though the two firſt were no foes to heavy ornaments, reſtored every other grace to that impoſing ſcience, and left the art in poſſeſſion of all its rights—yet ſtill Mr. Adam and ſir William Chambers were wanting to give it perfect delicacy. The reign was not cloſed, when ſir Joſhua Reynolds ranſomed portrait-painting from inſipidity, and would have excelled the greateſt maſters in that branch, if his colouring were as laſting, as his taſte and imagination are inexhauſtible — but I mean not to ſpeak of living maſters, and muſt therefore omit ſome of the

the ornaments of that reign. Thofe I ſhall firſt recapitulate were not the moſt meritorious.

HANS HUYSSING,

Born at Stockholm, came over in 1700, and lived many years with Dahl, whoſe manner he imitated and retained. He drew the three eldeſt princeſſes, daughters of the king, in the robes they wore at the coronation.

CHARLES COLLINS

Painted all ſorts of fowl and game. He drew a piece with a hare and birds and his own portrait in a hat. He died in 1744.

—— COOPER

—— COOPER

Imitated Michael Angelo di Caravaggio in painting fruit and flowers. He died towards the end of 1743.

BARTHOLOMEW DANDRIDGE,

Son of a houſe-painter, had great buſineſs from his felicity in taking a likeneſs. He ſometimes painted ſmall converſations, but died in the vigour of his age.

—— DAMINI,

An Italian painter of hiſtory, was ſcholar of Pelegrini. He returned to his own

country in 1730, in company with Mr. Huſſey, whoſe genius for drawing was thought equal to very great maſters.

JEREMIAH DAVISON

Was born in England, of Scots parents. He chiefly ſtudied ſir Peter Lely, and with the aſſiſtance of Vanaken, excelled in painting ſattins. Having got acquainted with the duke of Athol at a lodge of free-maſons, he painted his grace's picture and preſented it to the ſociety. The duke ſat to him again with his ducheſs, and patronized and carried him into Scotland, where, as well as in London, he had great buſineſs. He died the latter end of 1745, aged about fifty.

JOHN ELLIS,

Born in 1701, was at fifteen placed with sir James Thornhill, and afterwards was a short time with Schmutz; but he chiefly imitated Vandrebank, to whose house and business he succeeded; and by the favour of the duke of Montagu, great master of the wardrobe, purchased Vandrebank's place of tapestry-weaver to the crown, as by the interest of sir Robert Walpole, for whom he bought pictures, he was appointed master-keeper of the lions in the Tower. In these easy circumstances he was not very assiduous in his profession.

PHILIP MERCIER,

Of French extraction, but born at Berlin, studied there in the academy and under monsieur

monſieur Peſne. After viſiting France and Italy he went to Hanover, where he drew prince Frederic's picture, which he brought to England; and when his royal highneſs came over, Mercier was appointed his painter, became a favourite and was taken into his ſervice and houſhold; and by the prince's order drew ſeveral of the royal family, particularly the three eldeſt princeſſes, which pictures were publiſhed in mezzotinto. After nine years, he loſt the favour of the prince of Wales, and was diſmiſſed from his ſervice. At firſt he talked of quitting his profeſſion, retired into the country, and bought a ſmall eſtate; but ſoon returned and took a houſe in Covent-garden, painting portraits and pictures of familiar life in a genteel ſtyle of his own, and with a little of Watteau, in whoſe manner there is an etching of Mercier and his wife and two of their children. There is another print of his daughter. Children

too and their ſports he painted for prints. From London he went to York, and met with encouragement, and for a ſhort time to Portugal and Ireland; and died July 18, 1760, aged ſeventy-one.

JOSEPH FRANCIS NOLLIKINS,

Of Antwerp, ſon of a painter who had long reſided in England, but who had ſettled and died at Roan. The ſon came over young, and ſtudied under Tillemans, and afterwards copied Watteau and Paulo Panini. He painted landſcape, figures, and converſations, and particularly the amuſements of children. He was much employed by lord Cobham at Stowe, and by the late earl of Tilney. He died in St. Anne's pariſh, January 21, 1748, aged forty-two, and left a wife and a numerous young family. Slater painted in the ſame

kind

kind with Nollikins, and executed cielings and works in fresco at Stowe and at the earl of Westmorland's at Mereworth in Kent.

ROBINSON,

A young painter from Bath, had been educated under Vandrebank, but marrying a wife with 4 or 5000 *l.* and taking the house in Cleveland-court in which Jervas had lived, he suddenly came into great business, though his colouring was faint and feeble. He affected to dress all his pictures in Vandyck's habits; a fantastic fashion with which the age was pleased in other painters too, and which, could they be taken for the works of that great man, would only serve to perplex posterity. Vanaken assisted to give some credit to the delusion. Robinson died when he was not above thirty, in 1745.

ANDREA SOLDI,

Of Florence, arrived in 1735, being then about the age of thirty-three. He had been to visit the Holy Land, and at Aleppo having drawn the pictures of some English merchants, they gave him recommendations to their countrymen. For some time he had much business, and painted both portraits and history, but outlived his income and fell into misfortunes.

CHEVALIER RUSCA,

A Milanese, came over in 1738, and painted a few pictures here in a gawdy fluttering style, but with some merit. I think he staid here but very few years.

STEPHEN

STEPHEN SLAUGHTER

Succeeded Mr. Walton as ſupervisor of the king's pictures, and had been for ſome time in Ireland, where he painted ſeveral portraits. He had a ſiſter that excelled in imitating bronzes and baſreliefs to the higheſt degree of deception. He died at Kenſington, whither he had retired, May 15, 1765. He was ſucceeded in his office of ſurveyor and keeper of the pictures by Mr. George Knapton, painter in crayons.

JAMES WORSDALE

Would have been little known, had he been diſtinguiſhed by no talents but his pencil. He was apprentice to ſir Godfrey

Kneller, but marrying his wife's niece without their conſent, was diſmiſſed by his maſter. On the reputation however of that education, by his ſinging, excellent mimickry and facetious ſpirit, he gained many patrons and buſineſs, and was appointed maſter-painter to the board of ordnance. He * publiſhed ſeveral ſmall pieces, ſongs, &c. beſides the following dramatic performances:

1. A Cure for a Scold, a ballad opera, taken from Shakeſpeare's Taming of a Shrew.

2. The Aſſembly, a farce, in which Mr. Worſdale himſelf played the part of old lady Scandal admirably well.

3. The Queen of Spain.

4. The extravagant Juſtice.

He died June 13, 1767, and was buried

* Vide Baker's Companion to the Playhouſe.

at

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR

at St. Paul's Covent-garden, with this epitaph compoſed by himſelf,

> Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,
> A friend to all mankind, except himſelf.

RANELAGH BARRETT

Was a noted copyiſt, who being countenanced by ſir Robert Walpole, copied ſeveral of his collection, and others of the duke of Devonſhire and Dr. Meade. He was indefatigable, and executed a vaſt number of works. He ſucceeded greatly in copying Rubens. He died in 1768, and his pictures were ſold by auction in December of that year.

JOHN WOOTTON,

A ſcholar of Wyck, was a very capital maſter in the branch of his profeſſion to which

he principally devoted himſelf, and by which he was peculiarly qualified to pleaſe in this country, I mean, by painting horſes and dogs, which he both drew and coloured with conſummate ſkill, fire and truth. He was firſt diſtinguiſhed by frequenting New-market and drawing race-horſes. The prints from his hunting-pieces are well known. He afterwards applied to land-ſcape, approached towards Gaſpar Pouſſin, and ſometimes imitated happily the glow of Claud Lorrain. In his latter pieces the leafage of his trees, from the failure of his eyes, is hard and too diſtinctly marked. He died in January, 1765, at his houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, which he built, and had painted with much taſte and judgment. His prices were high; for a ſingle horſe he has been paid 40 guineas; and 20, when ſmaller than life. His collection was ſold before his death, on his quitting buſineſs; his drawings and prints January 21, 1761,

and

and his pictures the 12th and 13th of March following.

JOSEPH HIGHMORE,

Nephew of serjeant Highmore, was bred a lawyer, but quitted that profession for painting, which he exercised with reputation amongst the successors of Kneller, under whom he entered into the academy, and living at first in the city, was much employed there for family-pieces. He afterwards removed to Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and painted the portraits of the knights of the Bath, on the revival of that order, for the series of plates, which he first projected, and which were engraved by Pine. Highmore published two pamphlets; one called, A critical Examination of the Cieling painted by Rubens in the Banquetting House, in which Architecture is introduced, as far as relates

relates to Perſpective; together with the Diſcuſſion of a Queſtion, which has been the ſubject of Debate among Painters. Written many years ſince, but now firſt publiſhed, 1764, quarto.* The other, The Practice of Perſpective on the Principles of Dr. Brook Taylor, &c. Written many years ſince, but now firſt publiſhed, 1764, quarto; with 50 copper plates; price one guinea in boards. He had a daughter who was married to a prebendary of Canterbury, and to her he retired on his quitting buſineſs, and died there in March 1780, aged 88.†

THOMAS HUDSON,

The ſcholar and ſon-in-law of Richardſon, enjoyed for many years the chief buſineſs of

* Gough's Topogr. art. London.

† There is a larger account of Mr. Highmore in the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1780, with a portrait of him.

portrait-painting in the capital, after the favorite artiſts his maſter and Jervas, were gone off the ſtage; though Vanloo firſt, and Liotard afterwards for a few years diverted the torrent of faſhion from the eſtabliſhed profeſſor. Still the country gentlemen were faithful to their compatriot, and were content with his honeſt ſimilitudes, and with the fair tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white ſattin waiſtcoats, which he beſtowed liberally on his cuſtomers, and which with complacence they beheld multiplied in Faber's mezzotintos. The better taſte introduced by Sir Joſhua Reynolds put an end to Hudſon's reign, who had the good ſenſe to reſign the throne ſoon after finiſhing his capital work, the family-piece of Charles duke of Marlborough. He retired to a ſmall villa he had built at Twickenham on a moſt beautiful point of the river, and where he furniſhed the beſt rooms with a well-choſen collection of cabinet-pictures and drawings by great maſters; having purchaſed many of

relates to Perſpective; together with the Diſcuſſion of a Queſtion, which has been the ſubject of Debate among Painters. Written many years ſince, but now firſt publiſhed, 1764, quarto. * The other, The Practice of Perſpective on the Principles of Dr. Brook Taylor, &c. Written many years ſince, but now firſt publiſhed, 1764, quarto; with 50 copper plates; price one guinea in boards. He had a daughter who was married to a prebendary of Canterbury, and to her he retired on his quitting buſineſs, and died there in March 1780, aged 88. †

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portrait-painting in the capital, after the favorite artists his master and Jervas, were gone off the stage; though Vanloo first, and Liotard afterwards for a few years diverted the torrent of fashion from the established professor. Still the country gentlemen were faithful to their compatriot, and were content with his honest similitudes, and with the fair tied wigs, blue velvet coats, and white sattin waistcoats, which he bestowed liberally on his customers, and which with complacence they beheld multiplied in Faber's mezzotintos. The better taste introduced by Sir Joshua Reynolds put an end to Hudson's reign, who had the good sense to resign the throne soon after finishing his capital work, the family-piece of Charles duke of Marlborough. He retired to a small villa he had built at Twickenham on a most beautiful point of the river, and where he furnished the best rooms with a well-chosen collection of cabinet-pictures and drawings by great masters; having purchased many of

of the latter from his father-in-law's capital collection. Towards the end of his life he married to his second wife Mrs. Fiennes, a gentlewoman with a good fortune, to whom he bequeathed his villa, and died Jan. 26, 1779, aged 78. On the death of his widow his collection of pictures and drawings were sold by auction in 1785.

FRANCIS HAYMAN,

A native of Devonshire and scholar of Brown, owed his reputation to the pictures he painted for Vauxhall, which recommended him to much practice in giving designs for prints to books, in which he sometimes succeeded well, though a strong * mannerist, and easily distinguishable by the large noses and shambling legs of his figures. In his pictures his colouring was raw, nor in any light did

* Churchill, in his first book of Gotham, objects that fault to him.

he attain excellence. He was a rough man, with good natural parts, and a humourist—a character often tasted by cotemporaries, but which seldom assimilates with or forgives the rising generation. He died of the gout at his house in Dean Street, Soho, in 1776, aged 68.

SAMUEL SCOTT,

Of the same æra, was not only the first painter of his own age, but one whose works will charm in every age. If he was but second to Vandevelde in sea-pieces, he excelled him in variety, and often introduced buildings in his pictures with consummate skill. His views of * London-bridge, of the * quay at the Custom-house, &c. were equal

* In the collection of Sir Edward Walpole, who had several of the best works of Scott, Lambert, Oram and Wootton.

to

to his marines, and his figures were judiciously chosen and admirably painted; nor were his washed drawings inferior to his finished pictures. Sir Edward Walpole has several of his largest and most capital works. The gout harassed and terminated his life, but he had formed a scholar that compensated for his loss to the public, Mr. Marlow. Mr. Scott died October 12, 1772, leaving an only daughter by his wife, who survived him till April 1781.

Mr. TAVERNER,

A proctor in the Commons, painted landscape for his amusement, but would have made a considerable figure amongst the renowned professors of the art. The earl of Harcourt and Mr. Fr. Fauquier have each two pictures by him, that must be mistaken for, and are worthy of Gaspar Poussin.

GEORGE KNAPTON

Was ſcholar of Richardſon, but painted chiefly in crayons. Like his maſter he was well verſed in the theory of painting, and had a thorough knowledge of the hands of the good maſters, and was concerned with Pond in his various publications. In 1765, Knapton was painter to the ſociety of Dilettanti, and on the death of Slaughter, was appointed ſurveyor and keeper of the king's pictures, and died at the age of 80, in 1778, at Kenſington, where he was buried.

FRANCIS COTES,

Scholar of Knapton, painted portraits in oil and crayons, in the latter of which he arrived at uncommon perfection, though he died

died untimely of the ſtone in July 1770, not having paſſed the 45th year of his age. His pictures of the Queen holding the princeſs royal, then an infant, in her lap; of his own wife; of Polly Jones, a woman of pleaſure; of Mr. Obrien, the comedian; of Mrs. Child, of Oſterley-park; and of Miſs Wilton, now lady Chambers; are portraits which, if they yield to Roſalba's in ſoftneſs, excell her's in vivacity and invention.

WILLIAM ORAM

Was bred an architect, but taking to landſcape-painting, arrived at great merit in that branch; and was made maſter-carpenter to the board of works, by the intereſt of ſir Edward Walpole, who has ſeveral of his pictures and drawings.

JOHN SHACKLETON

Was principal painter to the crown in the latter end of the reign of George II. and to his death, which happened March 16, 1767.

GIACOMO AMICONI,

A Venetian painter of hiſtory, came to England in 1729, when he was about forty years of age. He had ſtudied under Bellucci in the Palatine court, and had been ſome years in the elector of Bavaria's ſervice. His manner was a ſtill fainter imitation of that nerveleſs maſter Sebaſtian Ricci, and as void of the glow of life as the Neapolitan Solimeni: ſo little attention do the modern Venetian painters pay to Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veroneſe, even in Venice. Ami-

coni's women are meer chalk, as if he had only painted from ladies who paint themſelves. Nor was this his worſe defect; his figures are ſo entirely without expreſſion, that his hiſtorical compoſitions ſeem to repreſent a ſet of actors in a tragedy, ranged in attitudes againſt the curtain draws up. His Marc Antonys are as free from paſſion as his Scipios. Yet novelty was propitious to Amiconi, and for a few years he had great buſineſs. He was employed to paint a ſtaircaſe at lord Tankerville's in St. James's-ſquare [now deſtroyed]. It repreſented ſtories of Achilles, Telemachus and Tireſias. When he was to be paid, he produced bills of workmen for ſcaffolding, &c. amounting to ninety pounds, and aſked no more; content, he ſaid, with the opportunity of ſhowing what he could do. The peer gave him 200 *l.* more. Amiconi then was employed on the ſtaircaſe at Powis-houſe in Great Ormond-ſtreet, which he decorated with

with the ſtory of Holofernes, but with the additional fault of beſtowing Roman dreſſes on the perſonages. His next work was a picture of Shakeſpeare and the muſes over the orcheſtra of the new theatre in Covent-garden. But as portraiture is the one thing neceſſary to a painter in this country, he was obliged to betake himſelf to that employment,* much againſt his inclination; yet the Engliſh never perhaps were leſs in the wrong in inſiſting that a painter of hiſtory ſhould turn limner; the barreneſs of Amiconi's imagination being more ſuited to the inactive tameneſs of a portrait than to groupes and expreſſion. The duke of Lorrain, afterwards emperor, was then at London and ſat to him. He drew the queen and the three eldeſt princeſſes, and prints were taken from his pictures, which he generally endeavoured to emblematicize by genii and Cupids. In 1736 he made a

* For a whole length he was paid ſixty guineas.

journey to Paris with the celebrated ſinger Farinelli and returned with him in the October following. His portrait of Farinelli was engraved. He then engaged with Wagner, an engraver, in a ſcheme of prints from Canalletti's views of Venice, and having married an Italian ſinger, returned to his own country in 1739, having acquired here about 5000*l.* At laſt he ſettled in Spain, was appointed painter to the king, and died at Madrid, September 1752. Amiconi's daughters, the Signora Belluomini and the Signora Caſtellini, the latter a paintreſs in crayons, were living at Madrid in 1773. Twiſs's Travels, p. 167. 4to. 1775.

Brunetti, an Italian, who had arrived before Amiconi, and was a painter of architecture and ornaments, aſſiſted the latter at lord Tankerville's and other places, and painted ſcenes for the opera. He etched ſome plates of groteſque ornaments, but left England for want of buſineſs.

JAMES SEYMOUR

Was thought even ſuperior to Wootton in drawing a horſe, but was too idle to apply himſelf to his profeſſion, and never attained any higher excellence. He was the only ſon of Mr. James Seymour, a banker and great virtuoſo, who drew well himſelf and had been intimate with Faithorne, Lely, Simon, and ſir Chriſtopher Wren, and died at the age of eighty-one, in 1739: the ſon in 1752, aged fifty. *

* Charles, the old haughty duke of Somerſet, ſent for Seymour to Petworth to paint a room with portraits of his running horſes, and one day at dinner drank to him with a ſneer, "Couſin Seymour, your health." The painter replied, "My Lord, I really do believe that I have the honour of being of your grace's family." The duke offended, roſe from table, and ſent his ſteward to pay Seymour, and diſmiſs him. Another painter of horſes was ſent for, who finding himſelf unworthy to finiſh Seymour's work, honeſtly told the duke ſo, and humbly recommended to him to recall Seymour. The haughty peer did condeſcend to ſummon *his couſin* once more—Seymour anſwered the mandate in theſe words, "My Lord, I will now prove I am of your grace's family, for I won't come."

JOHN BAPTIST VANLOO,

Brother of Carlo Vanloo, a painter in great esteem at Paris, studied in the academy at Rome, and became painter to the king of Sardinia, in whose court he made a considerable fortune, but lost it all in the Mississipi, going to Paris in the year of that bubble. He was countenanced by the regent, and appointed one of the king's painters, though inferior in merit to his brother. At Paris he had the honour of drawing the portrait of king Stanislas. In 1737 he came to England with his son, when he was about the age of fifty-five. His first works here were the portraits of Colley Cibber and Owen Mac Swinney, whose long silver-grey hairs were extremely picturesque, and contributed to give the new painter reputation. Mac Swinney was a remarkable person,* of much humour, and had been formerly a manager of the operas, but for

* See more of him in Cibber's apology for his own life.

several

feveral years had refided at Venice. He had been concerned in a publication of prints from Vandyck, ten whole lengths of which were engraved by Van Gunft. He afterwards engaged in procuring a fet of emblematic pictures, exhibiting the moft fhining actions of Englifh heroes, ftatefmen, and patriots. Thefe were painted by the beft mafters then in Italy, and pompous prints made from them; but with indifferent fuccefs, the ftories being fo ill told, that it is extremely difficult to decypher to what individual fo many tombs, edifices and allegories belong in each refpective piece. Several of thefe paintings are in the poffeffion of his grace the duke of Richmond.

Vanloo foon bore away the chief bufinefs of London from every other painter. His likeneffes were very ftrong, but not favourable, and his heads coloured with force. He executed very little of the reft of his pictures, the draperies of which were fupplied by Vanaken, and Vanloo's own dif-

ciples Eccardt * and Root. However, Vanloo certainly introduced a better ſtyle; his pictures were thoroughly finiſhed, natural, and no part neglected. He was laborious, and demanded five ſittings from each perſon. But he ſoon left the palm to be again contended for by his rivals. He laboured under a complication of diſtempers, and being adviſed to try the air of his own country, Provence, he retired thither in October 1742, and died there in April 1746.

JOSEPH VANAKEN.

As in England almoſt every body's picture is painted, ſo almoſt every painter's works were painted by Vanaken. He was born at

* Eccardt was a German, and a modeſt worthy man. He remained here after Vanloo's return to France, and ſucceeded to ſome of his buſineſs; but having married the daughter of Mr. Duhamel, watchmaker, in Henrietta-ſtreet, with whom he lodged, he retired to Chelſea, where he died in October 1779, leaving a ſon who is a clerk in the Cuſtom-houſe.

Antwerp,

Antwerp, and excelling in fattins, velvets, lace, embroidery, &c. he was employed by feveral confiderable painters here to draw the attitudes and drefs the figures in their pictures; which makes it very difficult to diftinguifh the works of the feveral performers. Hogarth drew the fuppofed funeral of Vanaken, attended by the painters he worked for, difcovering every mark of grief and defpair. He died of a fever July 4, 1749, aged about fifty. He left a brother, who followed the fame bufinefs.

There was another of the fame firname, Arnold Vanaken, who painted fmall figures, landfcapes, converfations, and publifhed a fet of prints of fifhes, or the wonders of the deep. Arnold had a brother who painted in the fame way, and fcraped mezzotintos.

CLER-

CLERMONT,

A Frenchman, was many years in England, painted in grotefque, foliages with birds and monkies, and executed feveral cielings and ornaments of buildings in gardens; particularly a gallery for Frederic prince of Wales, at Kew; two temples in the duke of Marlborough's ifland near Windfor, called from his grotefques, Monkey-ifland; the cieling of lord Radnor's gallery, and of my Gothic library, at Twickenham; the fides of lord Strafford's eating-room in St. James's-fquare, from Raphael's loggie in the Vatican; and a cieling for lord Northumberland at Sion. Clermont returned to his own country in 1754.

CANAL-

CANALLETTI,

The well-known painter of views of Venice came to England in 1746 when he was about the age of fifty, by perſuaſion of his countryman Amiconi, and encouraged by the multitudes of pictures he had ſold to or ſent over to the Engliſh. He was then in good circumſtances, and it was ſaid came to veſt his money in our ſtocks. I think he did not ſtay here above two years. I have a perſpective by him of the inſide of King's-college chapel.

——— JOLI,

I think a Venetian, was in England in this reign, and painted ruins with hiſtoric figures, in the manner of Paolo Panini. At Joli's houſe I ſaw one of thoſe pictures, in which

which were aſſembled as many blunders and improprieties as could be well contained in that compaſs. The ſubject was Alexander adorning the tomb of Achilles—on a grave-ſtone was inſcribed, Hic Jacet M. Achille, P. P. *i. e.* pater patriæ. The Chriſtian Latin, the Roman M. for Marcus, the Pater Patriæ, and the Italian termination to Achilles, all this confuſion of ignorance, made the picture a real curioſity.

GEORGE LAMBERT.

In a country ſo profuſely beautified with the amænities of nature, it is extraordinary that we have produced ſo few good painters of landſcape. As our poets warm their imaginations with ſunny hills, or ſigh after grottoes and cooling breezes, our painters draw rocks and precipices and caſtellated mountains, becauſe Virgil gaſped for breath

at Naples, and Salvator wandered amidſt Alps and Apennines. Our ever-verdant lawns, rich vales, field of haycocks, and hop-grounds, are neglected as homely and familiar ſubjects. The latter, which I never ſaw painted, are very pictureſque, particularly in the ſeaſon of gathering, when ſome tendrils are ambitiouſly climbing, and others dangling in natural feſtoons; while poles, deſpoiled of their garlands, are erected into eaſy pyramids that contraſt with the taper and upright columns. In Kent ſuch ſcenes are often backed by ſand-hills that enliven the green, and the gatherers diſperſed among the narrow alleys enliven the picture, and give it various diſtances.

* Lambert, who was inſtructed by Haſſel, and at firſt imitated Wootton, was a very

* There is a print by Smith of one John Lambert, Eſq; painting an hiſtoric piece, from a portrait done by himſelf: I do not know whether he was related to George Lambert.

good maſter in the Italian ſtyle, and followed the manner of Gaſpar, but with more richneſs in his compoſitions. His trees were in a great taſte, and grouped nobly. He painted many admirable ſcenes for the playhouſe, where he had room to diſplay his genius; and, in concert with Scott, executed ſix large pictures of their ſettlements for the Eaſt-India company, which are placed at their houſe in Leadenhall-ſtreet. He died Feb. 1, 1765. He did a few landſcapes in crayons.

THOMAS WORLIDGE

For the greater part of his life painted portraits in miniature: he afterwards with worſe ſucceſs performed them in oil; but at laſt acquired reputation and money by etchings in the manner of Rembrandt, proved to be a very eaſy taſk by the numbers of men who have

have counterfeited that master so as to deceive all those who did not know his works by heart. Worlidge's imitations and his heads in black-lead have grown astonishingly into fashion. His best piece is the whole length of sir John Astley, copied from Rembrandt: his print of the theatre at Oxford and the act there, and his statue of lady Pomfret's Cicero, are very poor performances. His last work was a book of gems from the antique. He died Sept. 23, 1766, at Hammersmith, though latterly he resided chiefly at Bath. The following compliment to his wife, on seeing her copy a landscape in needle-work, was printed in the Public Advertiser;

At Worlidge's as late I saw
A female artist sketch and draw,
Now take a crayon, now a pencil,
Now thread a needle, strange utensil!
I hardly could believe my eyes,
To see hills, houses, steeples rise;

While

While crewel o'er the canvaſs drawn
Became a river or a lawn.
Thought I—it was not ſaid thro' malice,
That Worlidge was oblig'd to Pallas;
For ſure ſuch art can be diſplay'd
By none except the blue-ey'd maid!
To him the prude is tender hearted—
The paintreſs from her eaſel ſtarted—
"Oh! ſir, your ſervant—pray ſit down:
My huſband's charm'd you're come to town."—
For wou'd you think it?—on my life,
'Twas all the while the artiſt's wife.

I choſe to inſert theſe lines, not only in juſtice to the lady celebrated, but to take notice that the female art it records, has of late placed itſelf with dignity by the ſide of painting, and actually maintains a rank among the works of genius. Miſs Gray was the firſt who diſtinguiſhed herſelf by ſo bold an emulation of painting. She was taught by a Mr. Taylor, but greatly excelled him, as appears by their works at lord Spencer's at Wimbledon. His repreſents an old woman ſelling fruit to a Flemiſh woman

man, after Snyder: hers a very large picture of three recruiting-officers and a peasant, whole lengths—in each, the figures are as large as life. This gentlewoman has been followed by a very great miſtreſs of the art, Caroline counteſs of Aileſbury, who has not only ſurpaſſed ſeveral good pictures that ſhe has copied, but works with ſuch rapidity and intelligence, that it is almoſt more curious to ſee her pictures in their progreſs, than after they are finiſhed. Beſides ſeveral other works, ſhe has done a picture of fowls, a water-dog and a heron, from Oudry, and an old woman ſpinning, whole length, from Velaſco, that have greater force than the originals. As ſome of theſe maſterly performances have appeared in our public exhibitions, I venture to appeal to that public, whether juſtice or partiality dictated this encomium.

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. IV.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE II.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.*

HAVING dispatched the herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself that great and original genius, Hogarth; considering him rather as a writer

* Since the first edition of this work, a much ampler account of Hogarth and his works has been given by Mr.

ter of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rise*, if general satire on vices and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Moliere: in his marriage alamode there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve; each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the dramatis personæ. The alderman's footboy, in the last print of the set I have mentioned, is an ignorant

Mr. Nichols, which is not only more accurate, but much more satisfactory than mine; omitting nothing that a collector would wish to know, either with regard to the history of the painter himself, or to the circumstances, different editions and variations of his prints. I have compleated my list of Hogarth's works from that source of information.

ruſtic; and if wit is ſtruck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their ſituation and from the mode of their paſſions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is wit in the figure of the alderman, who when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poiſon, wears a face of ſollicitude, but it is to ſave her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Moliere's, where the miſer puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Moliere, inimitable as he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art; and uſed colours inſtead of language. His place is between the Italians, whom we may conſider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemiſh painters, who are as writers of farce and editors of burleſque

lesque nature. * They are the Tom Browns of the mob. Hogarth resembles Buttler, but his subjects are more universal, and amidst all his pleasantry, he observes the

* When they attempt humour, it is by making a drunkard vomit; they take evacuations for jokes, and when they make us sick, think they make us laugh. A boor hugging a frightful frow is a frequent incident even in the works of Teniers, If there were painters in the Alps, I suppose they would exhibit Mars and Venus with a conjunction of swelled throats. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of observing that we actually possess a painter, who finishing as exquisitely as the Flemish, is a true master of comic nature. Need I say his name is Zoffanii?

I have been blamed for censuring the indelicacies of Flemish and Dutch painters, by comparing them with the *purity* of Hogarth, against whom are produced many instances of indelicacy, and some repetitions of the same indelicacy. I will not defend myself by pleading that these instances are thinly scattered through a great number of works, and that there is at least humour in most of the incidents quoted, and that they insinuate some reflection, which is never the case of the foreigners—but can I chuse but smile when one of the nastiest examples specified is from the burlesque of Paul before Felix, professedly in ridicule of the gross images of the Dutch?

true end of comedy, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in Marriage Alamode, and Tom Nero in the Four Stages of Cruelty, terminate their story in blood—she occasions the murder of her husband, he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire, when he intimates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as

the

the object of a lecture. In the print of the Sleeping Judges, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter.

It is to Hogarth's honour that in ſo many ſcenes of ſatire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general. Except in the print of the Times, and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed, no man amidſt ſuch a profuſion of characteriſtic faces, ever pretended to diſcover or charge him with the caricatura of a * real perſon;

* If he indulged his ſpirit of ridicule in perſonalities, it † never proceeded beyond ſketches and drawings; his prints touched the folly, but ſpared the perſon. Early he drew a noted miſer, one of the ſheriffs, trying a maſtiff that had robbed his kitchen, but the magiſtrate's ſon went to his houſe and cut the picture to pieces.

† I have been reproved for this aſſertion, and inſtances have been pointed out that contradict me. I am far from perſevering in an error, and do allow that my poſition was too poſitive. Still ſome of the inſtances adduced were by no means caricaturas. Sir John Gonſon and Dr. Miſaubin in the Harlot's Progreſs were rather examples identified than ſatires. Others, as Mr. Pine's, were meer portraits, introduced by their own deſire; or with their conſent.

except of ſuch notorious characters as Chartres and mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and ſuitably to their profeſſions. As he muſt have obſerved ſo carefully the operation of the paſſions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never, though without intention, delivered the very features of any indentical perſon. It is at the ſame time a proof of his intimate intuition into nature: but had he been too ſevere, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many ſatires. It is another proof that he drew all his ſtores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his ſtyle, thoughts or hints, that he never ſucceeded when he deſigned for the works of other men. I do not ſpeak of his early performances at the time that he was engaged by bookſellers, and roſe not above thoſe they generally employ; but in his ma-

turer

turer age, when he had invented his art, and gave a few deſigns for ſome great authors, as Cervantes, Gulliver, and even Hudibras, his compoſitions were tame, ſpiritleſs, void of humour, and never reach the merits of the books they were deſigned to illuſtrate. He could not bend his talents to think after any body elſe. He could think like a great genius rather than after one. I have a ſketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time * that the Houſe of Commons appointed a committee to enquire into the cruelties exerciſed on priſoners in the Fleet to extort money from them. The ſcene is the committee; on the table are the inſtruments of torture. A priſoner in rags half ſtarved appears before them; the poor man has a good countenance that adds to the intereſt. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that

* In 1729. v. Brit. Topogr. vol. i. 636.

Salvator

Salvator Rofa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and confcience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs ftep back as thinking to make his efcape; one hand is thruft precipitately into his bofom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait,* it is the moft fpeaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is ftill finer.

It is feldom that his figures do not exprefs the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illuftration that colours could not beftow, collateral circumftances, full of wit, fupply notes. The nobleman in Marriage Alamode has a great air—the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree iffuing out of the bowels

* It was the portrait of Bambridge the Warden of the Fleet-prifon. Nichols.

of

of William the Conqueror, add his character. In the breakfaſt the old ſteward reflects for the ſpectator. Sometimes a ſhort label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the ſubject. Unfortunately ſome circumſtances, that were temporary, will be loſt to poſterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary that none of his beauties might be loſt, it is Hogarth—not from being obſcure, [for he never was that but in two or three of his firſt prints where tranſient national follies, as lotteries, free-maſonry, and the South-ſea were his topics] but for the uſe of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not eſſential to, but always heightening the principal action. Such is the ſpider's-web extended over the poor's box in a pariſh-church; the blunders in architecture in the nobleman's ſeat ſeen through the window, in the firſt print of

Marriage Alamode; and a thouſand in the Strollers dreſſing in a Barn, which for wit and imagination, without any other end, I think the beſt of all his works: as for uſeful and deep ſatire, that on the Methodiſts is the moſt ſublime. The ſcenes of Bedlam and the gaming houſe, are inimitable repreſentations of our ſerious follies or unvoidable woes; and the concern ſhown by the lord-mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him as a criminal, is a touching picture, and big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another inſtance of this author's genius is his not condeſcending to explain his moral leſſons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expreſſed it with wit, rather than by a ſymbol. Such is that of the whore ſetting fire to the world in the Rake's Progreſs. Once indeed he deſcended to uſe an allegoric perſonage, and was not happy in it: in one of his

his election prints Britannia's chariot breaks down, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes too, to pleafe his vulgar cuftomers, he ftooped to low images and national fatire, as in the two prints of France and England, and that of the Gates of Calais. The laft indeed has great merit, though the caricatura is carried to excefs. In all thefe the painter's purpofe was to make his countrymen obferve the eafe and affluence of a free government, oppofed to the wants and woes of flaves. In Beer-ftreet the English butcher toffing a Frenchman in the air with one hand, is abfolute hyperbole; and what is worfe, was an afterthought, not being in the firft edition. The Gin-alley is much fuperior, horridly fine, but difgufting.

His Bartholomew-fair is full of humour; the March to Finchley, of nature: the Enraged Mufician tends to farce. The Four

Parts

Parts of the Day, except the laſt, are inferior to few of his works. The Sleeping Congregation, the Lecture on the Vacuum, the Laughing Audience, the Conſultation of Phyſicians as a coat of arms, and the Cockpit, are perfect in their ſeveral kinds. The prints of Induſtry and Idleneſs have more merit in the intention than execution.

Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himſelf, but ſeldomer than moſt great authors who executed ſo much.

It may appear ſingular that of an author whom I call comic, and who is ſo celebrated for his humour, I ſhould ſpeak in general in ſo ſerious a ſtyle; but it would be ſuppreſſing the merits of his heart to conſider him only as a promoter of laughter. I think I have ſhown that his views were more generous and extenſive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence deſigned them. He ſmiled like Socrates, that

that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmleſs, all his touches were marked with pleaſantry, and fun. He never laughed like Rabelais at nonſenſe that he impoſed for wit; but like Swift combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illuſtrate the tale he means to tell. Such are the hens rooſting on the upright waves in the ſcene of the Strollers, and the devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners or *coſtume* are more than obſerved in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms deſcribe the characters of the perſons to whom they belong; a leſſon that might be of uſe to comic authors. It was reſerved to Hogarth to write a ſcene of furniture. The rake's levee-room, the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the huſband and wife in Marriage Alamode, the alderman's parlour, the

the poet's bedchamber, and many others, are the hiſtory of the manners of the age.

But perhaps too much has been ſaid of this great genius as an author, it is time to ſpeak of him as a painter, and to mention the circumſtances of his life, in both which I ſhall be more brief. His works are his hiſtory; as a painter, he had but ſlender merit.

He was born in the pariſh of St. Bartholomew, London, the ſon of a low tradeſmon, who bound him to a * mean engraver of arms on plate; but before his time was expired he felt the impulſe of genius, and felt it directed him to painting, though little apprized at that time of the mode nature had intended he ſhould purſue. His apprenticeſhip was no ſooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's-lane, and ſtudied drawing from the life,

* This is wrong; it was to Mr. Gamble, an eminent ſilverſmith. Nichols's Biogr. Remarks.

life, in which he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the paſſions, the ſoul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a maſter: his force lay in expreſſion, not in tints and chiaro ſcuro. At firſt he worked for bookſellers, and deſigned and engraved plates for ſeveral books; and, which is extraordinary, no ſymptom of genius dawned in thoſe plates. His Hudibras was the firſt of his works that marked him as a man above the common; yet what made him then noticed, now ſurprizes us to find ſo little humour in an undertaking ſo congenial to his talents. On the ſucceſs however of thoſe plates he commenced painter, a painter of portraits; the moſt ill-ſuited employment imaginable to a man whoſe turn certainly was not flattery, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a ſneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeneſs, and the method he choſe of painting families and converſations in ſmall, then a novelty, drew him pro-

digious bufinefs for fome time. It did not laft, either from his applying to the real bent of his difpofition, or from his cuftomers apprehending that a fatirift was too formidable a confeffor for the devotees of felf-love. He had already dropped a few of his fmaller prints on fome reigning follies, but as the dates are wanting on moft of them, I cannot afcertain which, though thofe on the South fea and Rabbit-woman prove that he had early difcovered his talent for ridicule, though he did not then think of building his reputation or fortune on its powers.

His Midnight Modern Converfation was the firft work that fhowed his command of character: but it was the Harlot's Progrefs, publifhed in 1729 or 1730 that eftablifhed his fame. The pictures were fcarce finifhed and no fooner exhibited to the public, and the fubfcription opened, than above twelve hundred names were entered on his book. The familiarity of the fubject, and the propriety

propriety of the execution, made it tafted by all ranks of people. Every engraver fet himfelf to copy it, and thoufands of imitations were difperfed all over the kingdom. It was made into a pantomime, and performed on the ftage. The Rake's Progrefs, perhaps fuperior, had not fo much fuccefs, from want of novelty; nor indeed is the print of the Arreft equal in merit to the others.

The curtain was now drawn afide, and his genius ftood difplayed in its full luftre. From time to time he continued to give thofe works that fhould be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Even the receipts for his fubfcriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himfelf, and often expunged faces etched by his affiftants when they had not done juftice to his ideas.

Not content with fhining in a path untrodden before, he was ambitious of diftinguifhing himfelf as a painter of hiftory.

 But

But not only his colouring and drawing rendered him unequal to the taſk; the genius that had entered ſo feelingly into the calamities and crimes of familiar life, deſerted him in a walk that called for dignity and grace. The burleſque turn of his mind mixed itſelf with the moſt ſerious ſubjects. In his Danae the old nurſe tries a coin of the golden ſhower with her teeth, to ſee if it is true gold: in the Pool of Betheſda a ſervant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man that ſought the ſame celeſtial remedy. Both circumſtances are juſtly thought, but rather too ludicrous. It is a much more capital fault that Danae herſelf is a meer nymph of Drury. He ſeems to have conceived no higher idea of beauty.

So little had he eyes to his own deficiencies, that he believed he had diſcovered the principle of grace. With the enthuſiaſm of a diſcoverer he cried, Eureka! This was his famous line of beauty, the ground-work of his Analyſis, a book that has many ſenſible

ſible hints and obſervations, but that did not carry the conviction nor meet the univerſal acquieſcence he expected. As he treated his cotemporaries with ſcorn, they triumphed over this publication, and imitated him to expoſe him. Many wretched burleſque prints came out to ridicule his ſyſtem. There was a better anſwer to it in one of the two prints that he gave to illuſtrate his hypotheſis. In the Ball had he confined himſelf to ſuch outlines as compoſe awkwardneſs and deformity, he would have proved half his aſſertion—but he has added two ſamples of grace in a young lord and lady, that are ſtrikingly ſtiff and affected. They are a * Bath beau and a county-beauty.

But this was the failing of a viſionary. He fell afterwards into a groſſer miſtake.

* In the original plate that figure repreſented the preſent king, then prince; but he was deſired to alter it. The preſent figure was taken from the laſt duke of Kingſton; yet, though like, is ſtiff and far from graceful.

From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble-collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted, as is true, that time gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients—and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the duke

duke of Newcaſtle, ſaid to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impoſſible to ſee the picture or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the ſame ſoul animated both. After many eſſays Hogarth at laſt produced *his* Sigiſmonda — but no more like Sigiſmonda, than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedneſs of the colouring, it was the repreſentation of a maudlin ſtrumpet juſt turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and uſquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the diſguſt raiſed by ſuch vulgar expreſſion, her fingers were * bloodied by her lover's heart that lay be-

* In the biographic Anecdotes of Hogarth it is ſaid, that my memory muſt have failed me, for that on repeated inſpection it is evident that the fingers *are* unſtained with blood. Were they always ſo? I ſaw it when firſt painted, and bloody they were. In p. 46 it is confeſſed that upon the criticiſm of one connoiſſeur or another the picture was ſo altered, that an old friend of Mr. Hogarth ſcarce knew it again.

 fore

fore her like that of a ſheep's for her dinner. None of the ſober grief, no dignity of ſuppreſſed anguiſh, no involuntary tear, no ſettled meditation on the fate ſhe meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by deſpair; in ſhort all was wanting that ſhould have been there, all was there that ſuch a ſtory would have baniſhed from a mind capable of conceiving ſuch complicated woe; woe ſo ſternly felt and yet ſo tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had ever ridiculed. He ſet the price of 400 *l.* on it, and had it returned on his hands by the perſon for whom it was painted. He took ſubſcriptions for a plate of it, but had the ſenſe at laſt to ſuppreſs it. I make no more apology for this account than for the encomiums I have beſtowed on him. Both are dictated by truth, and are the hiſtory of a great man's excellencies and errors. Milton, it is ſaid, preferred his Paradiſe Regained to his immortal poem.

The

The last memorable event of our artist's life was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes, in which if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprizing, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court-party. Without entering into the merits of the cause, I shall only state the fact. In September 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of the Times. It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe North-Briton. On this the painter exhibited the caricatura of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his epistle to Hogarth, not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend

—his

—his age; and which however was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much lefs had it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having compofed but fix months before one of his moft capital works, the fatire on the Methodifts. In revenge for this epiftle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—et vitulâ tu dignus & hic—never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with lefs dexterity.

Mr. Hogarth, in the year 1730, married the only daughter of fir James Thornhill, by whom he had no children. He died of a dropfy in his breaft at his houfe in Leicefter-fields, October 26, 1764.

He fold about twenty-four of his principal pictures by auction in 1745. Mr. Vincent Bourne addreffed a copy of Latin hendecafyllables to him on his chief pictures; and Roquetti, the enameller, publifhed a French explanation, though a fuperficial one, of many of his prints, which, it was faid, he

had drawn up for the uſe of marſhal Belleiſle, then a priſoner in England.

As I am poſſeſſed of the moſt compleat collection of his prints that I believe exiſts, I ſhall for the uſe of collectors give a catalogue of them. Moſt of them were aſſembled by Mr. Arthur Pond, and ſome of them probably are now no where elſe to be found. I have added every other print that I could diſcover to have been deſigned or engraved by him. He had kept no ſuite himſelf, and had forgotten ſeveral in which he had been concerned. He gave me what few ſketches had not been forced from him by his friends, particularly the Committee above-mentioned, and the firſt thoughts for Induſtry and Idleneſs.

Catalogue

Catalogue of Mr. HOGARTH's Prints.

CLASS I. MISCELLANEOUS.

1. W. HOGARTH, engraver, with two figures and two cupids, April 28, 1720.

2. His own cypher, with his name under it at length; a plate he uſed for his books.

3. His own head in a cap, oval frame, a pug dog, and a pallet with the line of beauty, &c. inſcribed Gulielmus Hogarth. Se ipſe pinxit & ſculpſit. 1749. A ſquare print.

4. His own portrait, ſitting and painting the muſe of comedy. Head profile, in a cap. The Analyſis of Beauty on the floor. W. Hogarth ſerjeant-painter to his majeſty. The face engraved by W. Hogarth, 1758.

5. The ſame; the face retouched, but not ſo like as in the preceding. Comedy alſo has

has the face and maſk marked with black, and inſcribed, Comedy, 1764. No other inſcription but his name, William Hogarth.

* 5. His own head with a hat on; mezzotinto. Weltdon and Hogarth, pinx. Charles Townley fecit. 1781.

6. People in a ſhop, under the king's arms: Mary and Ann Hogarth. A ſhop-bill.

7. Small oval print for the Rape of the Lock; for the top of a ſnuff-box.

8. An emblematic print repreſenting agriculture and arts. Seems to be a ticket for ſome ſociety.

9. A coat of arms, with two ſlaves and trophies. Plate for books.

10. A foreign coat of arms, ſupporters a ſavage and angel. Ditto.

11. A grifon with a flag. A creſt.

12. Another coat of arms, and two boys as terms.

13. A Turk's head. A ſhop-bill.

14. An

14. An angel holding a palm in the left hand. A ſhop-bill.

15. A ſmall angel, almoſt the ſame as the preceding.

16. Lord Aylmer's coat of arms.

17. Two ditto of the ducheſs of Kendal.

18. A ſhop-bill, repreſenting trade and arms of Florence.

19. A ticket for the benefit of Milward, the tragedian.

20. A ticket for a burial.

21. A large oval coat of arms, with terms of the four ſeaſons.

22. Capt. Coram and the children of the Foundling hoſpital. A ticket.

23. Five Muſcovites. Small plate for a book of travels.

24. Muſic introduced to Apollo by Minerva, 1727. Frontiſpiece to ſome book, muſic, or ticket for a concert.

25. Minerva ſitting and holding the arms of Holland, four Cupids round her. Done for the books of John Holland, herald-painter.

26. Chriſt

26. Chrift and his difciples; perfons at a diftance carried to an hofpital. In as much as ye have done it unto one of the leaft of thefe my brethren, ye have done it unto me. St. Matt. xxv. ver. 40. W. Hogarth inv. C. Grignion fculp. Ticket for a charity.

27. Another, almoft the fame as the preceding, but with a view of the London hofpital.

28. Another with the arms of the duke of Richmond.

29. Seven fmall prints for Apuleius's Golden Afs. W. Hogarth inv. & fculp. On fome, W. Hogarth, fec.

36. Gulliver prefented to the queen of Babilary. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht fculp. It is the frontifpiece to the Travels of Capt. John Gulliver.

37. Five fmall prints for the tranflation of Caffandra. W. Hogarth inv. & fculp.

42. Six larger for Don Quixote. W. Hogarth inv. & fculp.

48. Two

48. Two ſmall for Milton. W. Hogarth inv. & ſc.

50. Frontiſpiece to Terræ-filius. W. Hogarth fec.

51. Frontiſpiece to Tom Thumb. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht ſc. There is ſome humour in this print.

52. Frontiſpiece to the Humours of Oxford. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht ſc.

53. Judith and Holofernes. Per vulnera ſervor, morte tuâ vivens. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht ſc. A frontiſpiece.

54. Perſeus, and Meduſa dead, and Pegaſus. Frontiſpiece to the books of the entertainment of Perſeus and Andromeda. W. H. fec.

55. A monk leading an aſs with a Scotch man and woman on it. Head-piece to the Jacobite's Journal. Though this was done in 1748, I place it here among his indifferent prints.

56. Twelve prints to Aubrey de la Mot-

ray's

ray's Travels. His name to each. The 13th has Parker ſcul.

68. Fifteen head-pieces for Beavers's Military Puniſhments of the Ancients; but ſcarce any copies have theſe plates.

69. Impreſſion from a bit of plate.

70. Frontiſpiece to the Scots opera.

71. Houſe at Chiſwick; etched by himſelf.

72. Buſt of Heſiod; prefixed to Cook's tranſlation.

73. Another frontiſpiece to Perſeus and Andromeda, different from 54.

75. Two plates to Moliere.

CLASS 2. PORTRAITS.

1. The right hon. Frances lady Byron. Whole length, mezzotinto. W. Hogarth pinx. J. Faber fec. 1736.

2. The right hon. Guſtavus lord viſcount Boyne, &c. &c. Whole length, mezzotinto.

tinto. W. Hogarth pinx. Andrew Miller fecit. A very bad print, done in Ireland.

3. Martin Folkes: half length: engraved. Mine is a proof and has no inſcription.

4. Sarah Malcolm, executed in 1732 for murdering her miſtreſs and two other women; drawn in Newgate. W. Hogarth (ad vivum) pinxit & ſculpſit. This woman put on red to ſit to him for her picture two days before her Execution. I have the original.

5. Simon lord Lovat, drawn from the life and etched in aquafortis by William Hogarth, 1746.

6. Mr. Pine, in the manner of Rembrandt. Mezzotinto, by Mc. Ardell.

7. Another leaning on a cane, an unfiniſhed mezzotinto.

8. Captain Thomas Coram, who obtained the charter for the Foundling-hoſpital. Mezzotinto, by Mc. Ardell.

9. Jacobus Gibbs, architectus. W. Ho-

 garth

garth delin. J. Mc. Ardell fec. partly mezzotinto, partly graved.

10. Daniel Lock, efq; mezzotinto; Wm. Hogarth pinx. J. Mc. Ardell fecit.

11. Benjamin Hoadley, bifhop of Winchefter. W. Hogarth pinx. B. Baron fculp.

12. A fmall oval of ditto.

13. Thomas Herring, archbifhop of Canterbury. W. Hogarth p. B. Baron fc.

14. Mr. Garrick, * in the character of Richard III. Painted by Wm. Hogarth; engraved by Wm. Hogarth and C. Grignion.

15. T. Morell, S. T. P. S. S. A. W. Hogarth delin. James Bafire fculp.

16. Mr. Huggins, with a buft of Ariofto. Small round.

17. Henry Fielding, ætatis 48. W. Hogarth del. James Bafire fculp.

* Mr. Garrick had feveral of Hogarth's paintings, and the latter defigned for him, as prefident of the Shakefpeare club, a mahogany chair richly carved, on the back of which hangs a medal of the poet carved by Hogarth out of a piece of the mulberry-tree planted at Stratford by Shakefpeare.

 18. John

18. John Wilkes, esq. Drawn from the life and etched in aquafortis by Wm. Hogarth.

19. The Bruiser, C. Churchill in the character of a Russian Hercules, &c. A Dutch dog pissing on the Epistle to Hogarth: a pallet, the North-Britons and a begging-box to collect subscriptions for them. Designed and engraved by W. Hogarth.

20. The same; but over the pallet lies a political print, in which the painter is correcting Churchill and Wilkes in the characters of a bear and a monkey. Other satirical emblems behind.

CLASS 3. COMIC and SERIOUS PRINTS.

1. A burlesque on Kent's altar-piece at St. Clement's, with notes. It represents angels very ill drawn, playing on various instruments.

2. A midnight modern conversation.

3. Twelve

3. Twelve prints for Hudibras, the large ſet.

4. The ſmall ſet, containing ſeventeen prints with Butler's head.

5. A woman ſwearing a child to a grave citizen, with twelve Engliſh verſes. W. Hogarth pinx. J. Sympſon, jun. ſculp. A very bad print.

6. Mary Tofts, the rabbit-woman of Godalmin, in labour. No name to it.

7. The Lilliputians giving a clyſter to Gulliver. A ſuppoſed Lilliputian painter's * name to it. Hogarth ſculp.

8. An emblematic print on the South-ſea. Perſons riding on wooden horſes. The devil cutting Fortune into collops. A man broken on the wheel, &c. W. Hogarth inv. & ſc. There are four different impreſſions of this.

9. A maſquerade. There is much wit in this print. Invented for the uſe of ladies

* Which contains the letters that form the name of Jonathan Swift.

and gentlemen by the ingenious Mr. H——r. (Heidegger.) Three different.

10. Another, ſmaller, on maſquerades and operas. Burlington-gate, as in the following. W. Hogarth inv. & ſculp.

11. The gate of Burlington-houſe. Pope white-waſhing it, and beſpattering the duke of Chandos's coach. A ſatire on Pope's epiſtle on taſte. No name.

12. The Lottery. Emblematic, and not good. W. Hogarth inv. & ſculp.

13. Taſte in high life. A beau and a faſhionable old lady. Painted by Mr. Hogarth. This was probably not publiſhed by himſelf.

14. Booth, Wilks and Cibber contriving a pantomime. A ſatire on farces. No name.

15. Charmers of the Age. A ſatire on ſtage-dancers. A ſketch. No name. The two laſt very ſcarce.

16. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Hogarth deſign. & ſculp. Very indifferent.

17. The Myſtery of Maſonry brought to Light

Light by the Gormogons. Stolen from Coypel's Don Quixote. W. Hogarth inv. & ſc.

18. Sancho ſtarved at Dinner by his Phyſician. W. Hogarth inv. & ſculp.

19. A very rare hieroglyphic print in Mr. Walpole's collection, repreſenting Royalty, Epiſcopacy, and Law, compoſed of emblematic attributes, and no human features or limbs; with attendants of ſimilar ingredients. Beneath is this inſcription; Some of the principal inhabitants of the moon, as they were perfectly diſcovered by a teleſcope, brought to the greateſt perfection ſince the laſt eclipſe; exactly engraved from the objects, whereby the curious may gueſs at their religion, manners, &c. Price Sixpence.

20. Boys peeping at Nature. The ſubſciption-ticket to the Harlot's Progreſs.

21. The Harlot's Progreſs, in ſix plates.

22. The Rake's Progreſs, in eight plates. *

* The Rake's Progreſs was pirated by Boitard on one very large ſheet of paper, containing the ſeveral ſcenes

23. The fourth plate of the ſame, with variations.

24. Two prints Before and After.

25. The Sleeping Congregation. †

ſcenes repreſented by Mr. Hogarth. It came out about a fortnight before the genuine ſet, but was ſoon forgotten. However this gave occaſion to Hogarth to apply for an act of parliament to ſecure the property of prints. He applied to Mr. Huggins, who took for his model the ſtatute of queen Anne in favour of literary property. The act paſſed; but ſome years after appeared to be too looſely drawn, for on a cauſe founded on it, which came before lord Hardwick in chancery, he determined that no aſſignee, claiming under an aſſignment from the original inventor, could take any benefit by it. Hogarth immediately after the paſſing the act, publiſhed a ſmall print with emblematic devices, and an inſcription expreſſing his gratitude to the three branches of the legiſlature. This plate he afterwards made to ſerve for a receipt for ſubſcriptions to the election prints. Vide Nº 58 of this claſs. ‡

† Sir Edward Walpole had the original picture. The Clerk's head is admirably well painted and with great force; but he is dozing, and not leering at the young woman near him, as in the print.

‡ Chancellor Hoadley wrote verſes to be placed under each plate of the Rake's Progreſs: they are printed in the 5th volume of Dodſley's Collection of poems, p. 269.

26. Bar-

26. Bartholomew-fair.

27. A feſtoon with a maſk, a roll of paper, a pallet, and a laurel. Subſcription-ticket for Garrick in Richard the Third.

28. The poor Poet.

29. The Lecture. Datur vacuum.

30. The laughing Audience.

31. Conſultation of Phyſicians. Arms of the undertakers.

32. Rehearſal of an Oratorio. Singing men and boys.

33. The four Parts of the Day.

34. Strolling Actreſſes dreſſing in a Barn.

35. The Search Night. W. Hogarth inv. A very bad print, and I believe an impoſition.

36. The enraged Muſician.

37. Characters and caricaturas, to ſhow that Leonardo da Vinci exaggerated the latter. The ſubſcription-ticket to Marriage a la Mode.

38. Marriage a la Mode, in ſix prints.

39. The Pool of Betheſda, from the picture

ture he painted for St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, in which pariſh he was born. Engraved by Ravenet.

40. Ditto; large, by Ravenet and Picot.

41. The good Samaritan; ditto, by Ravenet and Delatre.

42. Orator Henley chriſtening a child. Mezzotinto.

43. A ſtage-coach. An election-proceſſion in the yard.

44. Induſtry and Idleneſs, in twelve plates.

45. An auction of pictures, duplicates of the ſame pictures. This was a ticket to admit perſons to bid for his works at his auction.

46. The Gates of Calais. His own head ſketching the view. He was arreſted as he was making the drawing, but ſet at liberty when his purpoſe was known.

47. A ſtand of various arms, bagpipes, &c. The ſubſcription-ticket for the March to Finchley.

48. The March to Finchley; dedicated to the

the king of Pruſſia, in reſentment for the late king's ſending for the picture to St. James's and returning it without any other notice.

49. Beer-ſtreet; two of them with variations; and Gin-lane.

50. The Stages of Cruelty, in four prints.

51. Paul before Felix, deſigned and ſcratched in the true Dutch taſte by W. Hogarth. This is a ſatire on Dutch pictures.

52. Paul before Felix, from the original painting in Lincoln's-inn hall painted by W. Hogarth. There is much leſs dignity in this than wit in the preceding.

53. The ſame, as firſt deſigned, but the wife of Felix was afterwards omitted, becauſe St. Paul's hand was very improperly placed before her.

54. Columbus breaking the egg. The ſubſcription-ticket to his Analyſis.

55. The two prints to the Analyſis. Two other editions with variations.

56. France and England, two plates.

57. Two plates to Triſtram Shandy.

58. Crowns,

58. Crowns, mitres, maces, &c. The Subscription-ticket to the Election.

59. Four prints of an election.

60. The sleeping Judges.

61. Ditto; but with heads after L. da Vinci.

62. The Cockpit.

63. Frontispiece to the Farmer's Return from London.

64. The Wigs and Head-dresses at the Coronation of George III.

65. Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism. Satire on the Methodists.

66. Frontispiece to Kirby's Perspective. Satire on false perspective.

67. Frontispiece to Brook Taylor's Perspective. With an attempt at a new order.

68. Two small heads of men in profile in one plate, etched by Mr. Ireland, from a sketch in his own collection.

69. Frontispiece and tailpiece to the catalogue of pictures exhibited in 1761.

70. Time blackening a picture. Subscription-

ſcription-ticket for his Sigiſmunda. This and the preceding tailpiece are ſatires on connoiſſeurs.

71. Frontiſpiece to a pamphlet againſt the Hutchinſonians, never publiſhed. It repreſents a witch ſitting on the moon, and watering on a mountain, whence iſſue mice who are devouring ſir Iſaac Newton's Optics: one mouſe lies dead on Hutchinſon's works, probably to imply being choaked. The conundrum ſignifies, Front-is-piſs.

72. Print of the weighing-houſe to Club's Phyſiognomy; a humourous pamphlet in quarto, publiſhed in 1763, and dedicated to Hogarth.

73. The Times.

74. Tailpiece to his works. Another ſatire on dealers in dark pictures. *

75. Rich's

* On this print which he calls Finis, and repreſents the deſtruction of all things, the following epigram, aſcribed to Charles Churchill the poet, was printed in the General Advertiſer in 1778, from the Muſe's Mirrour;

On

75. Rich's Glory.

76. Beggar's Opera: doubtful.

77. Scene in an opera.

78. Orator Henley's Chapel: doubtful.

79. Æneas in a ſtorm: ditto.

80. Wolfe's Monument: very doubtful.

81. Heads from the cartoons: ditto.

82. The Frolick; a ſmall copy of the Search-Night, N° 35.

83. Moſes brought to Pharaoh's Daughter; by Hogarth and Luke Sullivan.

84. Boys drawing from Nature, ſubſcription ticket to the above and Paul before Felix; a variation of N° 20.

On Hogarth's print of Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Painting.

All muſt old Hogarth's gratitude declare,
Since he has nam'd old Chaos for his heir;
And while his works hang round that Anarch's throne,
The connoiſſeurs will take them for his own.

PRINTS

PRINTS from HOGARTH

Publiſhed ſince Mr. NICHOLS's Liſt was printed.

The Staymaker: and

Debates on Palmiſtry. Etched by Haynes from deſigns in the poſſeſſion of Mr. S. Ireland.

Henry Fox Lord Holland: and

James Caulfield Earl of Charlemont. By ditto from ditto.

The Shrimp-girl, a head, by Bartolozzi.

Two plates of Taylor, the boxer, wreſtling with Death; by Liveſay.

Mr. Benjamin Read; and

Mr. Gabriel Hunt. Members of a club with Hogarth; by ditto.

Nine prints to Hogarth's Tour, from drawings by Hogarth and Scott; by ditto.

Theſe laſt fourteen prints were publiſhed by ſubſcription by Mrs. Hogarth, in April 1782. Some few copies of the Tour were printed by Mr. Nichols in the preceding year.

It

It was a party of pleaſure down the river into Kent undertaken by Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Scott, and three of their friends, in which they intended to have more humour than they accomplished, as is commonly the caſe in ſuch meditated attempts. The Tour was deſcribed in verſe by one of the company, and the drawings executed by the two painters, but with little merit, except in the views taken by Mr. Scott.

ADDITIONS ſince the former EDITION.

Small Arms of Gamble: etched by Mr. Ireland.

Title to Biographical Anecdotes: ditto.

Hogarth's Cot: ditto.

Hogarth's Creſt: by Liveſay.

Copy of the Rape of the Lock: by Mr. Ireland.

Arms for the Foundling Hoſpital: Liveſay.

Coat of Arms, with four terms; an impreſſion from plate; different from N° 21. Claſs 1.

Subſcription Ticket, intended for Sigiſmunda; doubtful.

Hogarth's

Hogarth's Portrait.

Thomas Pellet, M. D. by Hall.

Bullock, the comedian: ditto.

Sir James Thornhill: by Mr. Ireland.

Hogarth: ditto.

Black Girl in bed: copied by ditto.

Variation of Orator Henley chriftening a child: ditto.

Shepherd Boy: ditto.

The Politician: by Sherwin.

A Landfcape: by Mr. Ireland.

Jack in an Office: ditto.

Characters who frequented Button's Coffee-houfe; four plates: ditto.

Woman's head, as Diana: ditto.

Head of a black Girl: ditto.

Hogarth, in his portrait-converfations, was imitated by Phillips, a young man, who acquired great bufinefs. He was fon of a painter in oil, who died in 1741, aged about fixty. The fon died much younger.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. V.

Painters in Enamel and Miniature, Statuaries, and Medallists, in the Reign of GEORGE II.

JOHN STEPHEN LIOTARD,

OF Geneva, * came over in the last reign, and stayed two years. He painted admirably well in miniature, and finely in enamel,

* He was born in 1702, and was designed for a merchant. He went to study at Paris in 1725, and in 1738 accompanied the marquis de Puisieux to Rome, who was going ambassador to Naples. At Rome he was taken notice of by the earls of Sandwich and Besborough, then lord Duncannon, who engaged Liotard to

mel, though he ſeldom practiſed it. But he is beſt known by his works in crayons. His likeneſſes were as exact as poſſible, and too like to pleaſe thoſe who ſat to him; thus he had great buſineſs the firſt year, and very little the ſecond. Devoid of imagination, and one would think of memory, he could render nothing but what he ſaw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the ſmall-pox, every thing found its place; not ſo much from fidelity, as becauſe he could not conceive the abſence of any thing that appeared to him. Truth prevailed in all his works, grace in very few or none. Nor was there any eaſe in his outline; but the ſtiffneſs of a buſt in all his portraits. Thence, though more faithful to a likeneſs, his heads want air and the ſoftneſs of fleſh, ſo conſpicuous in Roſalba's pictures. Her bodies have a different fault; ſhe gave to men an effeminate protuberance about the breaſts; yet her pictures have

to go with them on a voyage to Conſtantinople. *See Muſeum Florent. vol.* X. where lord Duncannon's name is ſpelt milord D'un Canon.

much more genius. The earls of * Harrington and Beſborough have ſome of his moſt capital works. At Conſtantinople he became acquainted with the late lord Edgcumbe, and ſir Everard Fawkener, our ambaſſador, who perſuaded him to come to England. On his way he paſſed ſome time at Paris. In his journey to the Levant he adopted the eaſtern habit, and wore it here with a very long beard. It contributed much to the portraits of himſelf, and ſome thought to draw cuſtomers; but he was really a painter of uncommon merit. After his return, he married a young † wife, and ſacrificed his beard to Hymen. He came again to England in 1772, and brought a collection of pictures of different maſters, which he ſold

* The earl of Sefton has purchaſed thoſe that were in the collection of the late lord Harrington; one repreſents Mademoiſelle Gaucher, miſtreſs of W. Anne earl of Albemarle, in a Turkiſh dreſs, ſitting: the other, a lady at breakfaſt and her maid.

† Maria Fargues, daughter of a merchant at Amſterdam.

by

by auction; and some pieces of glass painted by himself with surprising effect of light and shade, but a mere curiosity, as it was necessary to darken the room before they could be seen to advantage; he affixed too, as usual, extravagant prices to them. He staid here about two years, as in his former journey. He has engraved some Turkish portraits, one of the empress queen and the eldest arch-duchess, in Turkish habits, and the heads of the emperor and empress.

CHRISTIAN FREDERIC ZINCKE,

Was born at Dresden about 1684, and came to England in 1706, where he studied under Boit, whom at length he not only surpassed, but rivalled Petitot. I have a head of Cowley by him after sir Peter Lely, which is allowed to excel any single work of that charming enameller. The impassioned glow of sentiment, the eyes swimming with youth and tenderness, and the natural fall of the

 long

long ringlets tnat flow round the unbuttoned collar, are rendered with the moſt exquiſite nature, and finiſhed with elaborate care. For a great number of years Mr. Zincke had as much buſineſs as he could execute; and when at laſt he raiſed his price from twenty to thirty guineas, it was occaſioned by his deſire of leſſening his fatigue, for no man, ſo ſuperior in his profeſſion, was leſs intoxicated with vanity. He was particularly patronized by the late king and queen, and was appointed cabinet-painter to the late prince of Wales. Her royal highneſs princeſs Amelie has * many portraits of the royal family by him of a larger than his uſual ſize. The late duke of Cumberland bought ſeveral of his beſt works, particularly his beautiful copy of Dr. Meade's queen of Scots by Iſaac

* There are ten; two of the late king, as many of his queen, the duke of Cumberland when a boy, and the five princeſſes his ſiſters. Princeſs Amelie had them newly ſet in two fine gilt frames and glaſſes, and gave them in 1783 to the prince of Wales.

 Oliver,

Oliver. He made a ſhort viſit to his own country in 1737, and about 1746, his eyes failing, he retired from buſineſs to South-Lambeth, with a ſecond wife, by whom he had three or four children. His firſt wife was a handſome woman, of whom he had been very fond; there is a print of him and her; he had a ſon by her, for whom he bought a place in the ſix clerks office, and a daughter, who died a little before he retired to Lambeth. After his quitting buſineſs, madame Pompadour prevailed upon him to copy in enamel a picture of the king of France, which ſhe ſent over on purpoſe. Mr. Zincke died in March, 1767. *

* Zincke is recorded in the following lines of Dr. Young's Love of Fame, Sat. 6.

You here in miniature your pictures ſee,
Nor hope from Zincke more juſtice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind as his your ſide;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride.
His dear, you frugal; chuſe my cheaper lay,
And be your Reformation all my pay.

ROUQUET,

A Swiſs of French extraction, was many years in England, and imitated Mr. Zincke in enamel with ſome ſucceſs. He afterwards ſettled at Paris and improved conſiderably. He publiſhed a ſmall tract on the preſent ſtate of the arts in England; and another, entitled, L'Art de la peinture en fromage ou en ramequin, 12°, 1755.* I have mentioned his explanation of Hogarth's prints.

GROTH,

A German, painted in water-colours and enamel, but made no great proficience.

* V. La France litteraire, ou Dictionaire des Auteurs Francois vivans, par M. Formey, 1757.

BERNARD

BERNARD LENS,

Of a family of artifts, whom I have mentioned in the Catalogue of Engravers, was an admirable painter in miniature. He painted fome portraits in that way, but his excellence was copying the works of great mafters, particularly Rubens and Vandyck, whofe colouring he imitated exactly. He was painter to the crown by the title of enameller, which was changed from limner, when Boit held the office. Lens publifhed fome views and drawing-books, as he had many fcholars. He made two fales of his pictures, and died at Knightfbridge, whither he had retired from bufinefs about 1741. He had three fons, two that followed his profeffion, of whom one is yet living.

JOSEPH GOUPY

Was another fine painter in water-colours, but in a different ſtyle from Lens. The latter ſtippled the faces, and finiſhed highly; Goupy imitated the boldneſs of ſtrokes in oil. The latter too copied many pictures of Italian maſters, and excelled in imitating Salvator Roſa, from whoſe works he engraved ſome prints. He had the honour of teaching her royal highneſs the princeſs of Wales; and was cabinet-painter to the prince. His copies of the cartoons were ſold to the duke of Chandos for 300 *l.* but at the duke's ſale produced not 17 guineas. If the painter had exacted, the public had ſtill leſs juſtice. Joſeph died the latter end of 1747. His collection was ſold by auction in March 1765. There was a caricatura in crayons (from which there is a print) of Handel with a ſnout of a hog playing on an

an organ, and many ſymbols of gluttony round him; he and Goupy had quarrelled. —There was alſo a piece in oil by Hamilton with portraits of ſeveral artiſts. Joſeph had an uncle, born in France from whence the family ſprung, who came to England, and had already a brother here a fan-painter. Louis, of whom I ſpeak, painted portraits in oil, and afterwards worked in freſco and crayons, and taught miniature. He had attended lord Burlington into Italy. There is a print of him by George White. His nephew Joſeph, and Bernard Lens were two of our beſt miniature-painters, and their works worthy of any cabinet.

JAMES DEACON,

A gentleman of great talents for muſic and drawing, towards the end of his life engaged profeſſedly in the buſineſs, took Mr. Zincke's houſe in Covent-garden, and painted

ed portraits in miniature in a very maſterly manner; but had ſcarce embarked in the profeſſion, when he loſt his life attending a cauſe at the Old Bailey, the day that the goal-diſtemper deſtroyed the judge, the lord-mayor, and ſo many of the audience, in May 1750.

SPENCER

Painted portraits in miniature, and laſtly in enamel, with ſome merit. He died October 30, 1763.

STATU

STATUARIES.

J. MICHAEL RYSBRACH,

The beſt ſculptor that has appeared in theſe iſlands[e] ſince Le Sœur, was born at Antwerp. His father was a landſcape-painter, and had been in England, but quitted it with Largilliere and went to Paris, where he married, and returning to Bruſſels and Antwerp, died at the latter in 1726, at the age of fourſcore. Michael his ſon arrived here in 1720, then about the age of twenty-ſix, and began by modelling ſmall figures in clay, to ſhow his ſkill. The earl of Nottingham ſat to him for his buſt, in which the artiſt ſucceeded ſo well, that he began to be employed on large works, particularly monuments. For ſome time he was engaged by Gibbs, who was ſenſible of the young man's

man's merit, but turned it to his own account, contracting for the figures with the perfons who befpoke the tombs, and gaining the chief benefit from the execution. Thus Gibbs received 100 *l.* apiece from lord Oxford for the ftatues on Prior's monument, yet paid Ryfbrach but 35 *l.* each. The ftatuary, though no vain man, felt his own merit, and fhook off his dependence on the architect, as he became more known and more admired. Bufinefs crouded upon him, and for many years all great works were committed to him; and his deep knowledge of his art and fingular induftry gave general fatisfaction. His models were thoroughly ftudied, and ably executed; and as a fculptor capable of furnifhing ftatues was now found, our tafte in monuments improved, which till Ryfbrach's time had depended more on mafonry and marbles than ftatuary. Gothic tombs owed their chief grandeur to rich canopies, fret-

work,

work, and abundance of ſmall niches and trifling figures. Biſhops in cumbent attitudes and croſs-legged templars admitted no grace, nor required any. In the reigns of queen Elizabeth and king James I. a ſingle figure reclining at length on the elbow in robes or ſerjeant's gown, was commonly overwhelmed and ſurrounded by diminutive pillars and obeliſks of various marbles; and if particularly ſumptuous, of alabaſter gilt. Gibbs, in the duke of Newcaſtle's monument in the abbey, ſeems to have had an eye to that kind of taſteleſs expence. From the reign of Charles I. altar-tombs or mural tablets with cherubims and flaming urns, generally ſatisfied the piety of families. Bird indeed beſtowed buſts and bas-reliefs on thoſe he decorated, but ſir Cloudeſly Shovel's, and other monuments by him, made men of taſte dread ſuch honours. Now and then had appeared a ray of ſimplicity, as in ſir Francis Vere's and captain

captain Hollis's tombs. The abilities of Ryſbrach taught the age to depend on ſtatuary for its beſt ornaments, and though he was too fond of pyramids for back-grounds, his figures are well diſpoſed, ſimple and great. We ſeem ſince to have advanced into ſcenery. Mr. Nightingale's tomb, though finely thought and well executed. is more theatric than ſepulchral. The crouds and cluſters of tombs in the abbey has impoſed hard conditions on our ſculptors, who have been reduced to couch obeliſks in ſlanting windows, and rear maſſes into the air, while St. Paul's remains naked of ornaments; though it had better remain ſo, than be ſubjected to the indiſcriminate expence of all who are willing to indulge their vanity.

Beſides numbers more, Ryſbrach executed the monument of ſir Iſrac Newton and of the duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and the equeſtrian ſtatue in bronze of king

William

William at Briſtol in 1733, for which he received 1800*l.* Scheemaker's model, which was rejected, was however ſo well deſigned, that the city of Briſtol made him a preſent of 50*l.* for his trouble. Ryſbrach made alſo a great many buſts, and moſt of them very like, as of Mr. Pope, Gibbs, ſir Robert Walpole, the duke and ducheſs of Argyle, the ducheſs of Marlborough, lord Bolingbroke, Wootton, Ben Johnſon, Butler, Milton, Cromwell, and himſelf; the ſtatues of king George I. and of king George II. at the Royal-Exchange; the heads in the hermitage at Richmond, and thoſe of the Engliſh worthies in the Elyſian-fields at Stowe.

This enjoyment of deſerved fame was at length interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Scheemaker's Shakeſpeare in Weſtminſter-abbey, which beſides its merit, had the additional recommendation of Mr. Kent's faſhionable name. I ſhall ſay ſomething hereafter on the defects of that deſign. It

however hurt the vogue of Mr. Ryſbrach, who, though certainly not obſcured, found his buſineſs decline, as it was affected conſiderably afterwards by the competition of Mr. Roubiliac; and no merit can chain the fickleneſs of faſhion. Piqued at Mr. Scheemaker's ſucceſs, Ryſbrach produced his three ſtatues of Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Fiamingo, and at laſt his chef d'œuvre, his Hercules; an exquiſite ſummary of his ſkill, knowledge, and judgment. This athletic ſtatue, for which he borrowed the head of the Farneſian god, was compiled from various parts and limbs of ſeven or eight of the ſtrongeſt and beſt made men in London, chiefly the bruiſers and boxers of the then flouriſhing amphitheatre for boxing, the ſculptor ſelecting the parts which were the moſt truly formed in each. The arms were Broughton's, the breaſt a celebrated coachman's, a bruiſer, and the legs were thoſe of Ellis the painter, a great frequen-

ter

ter of that gymnasium. As the games of that Olympic academy frequently terminated to its heroes at the gallows, it was soon after suppressed by act of parliament, so that in reality Rysbrach's Hercules is the monument of those gladiators. It was purchased by Mr. Hoare, and is the principal ornament of the noble temple at Stourhead, that beautiful assemblage of art, taste, and landscapes.

Mr. Rysbrach, who had by no means raised a fortune equal to his deserts, before his death made a public sale of his remaining works and models, to which he added a large collection of his own historic drawings, conceived and executed in the true taste of the great Italian masters. Another sale followed his death, which happened January 8, 1770.

He had two brothers, Peter Andreas and G. Rysbrachs, who painted fish, dead fowls and landscape, with considerable merit;

particularly the elder, who was born at Paris in 1690, and died here of a consumption in 1748. In one of Michael's sales were some pieces of history by a Louis Rysbrach; I do not know whether brother or nephew of the statuary, probably the latter; Peter, the eldest of all the brothers, had several children.

He had a scholar too, named Vander Hagen, who carved heads in ivory.

L. F. ROUBILIAC,

Born at Lyons in France, became a formidable rival to Rysbrach, and latterly was more employed. He had little business till sir Edward Walpole recommended him to execute half the busts at Trinity-college, Dublin; and by the same patron's interest he was employed on the monument of the general, John duke of Argyle, in Westminster-abbey, on which the statue of Eloquence

is

is very maſterly and graceful. His ſtatue of Handel, in the garden at Vauxhall, fixed Roubiliac's fame. Two of his principal works are the monuments of the late duke and ducheſs of Montagu in Northamptonſhire, well performed and magnificent, but wanting ſimplicity. His ſtatue of George I. in the ſenate houſe at Cambridge is well executed, and ſo is that of their chancellor Charles duke of Somerſet, except that it is in a Vandyck dreſs—which might not be the fault of the ſculptor. His ſtatue of ſir Iſaac Newton in the chapel of Trinity College is the beſt of the three, except that the air is a little too pert for ſo grave a man. This able artiſt had a turn to poetry, and wrote ſatires in French verſe. He died January 11, 1762, and was buried in the pariſh of St. Martin's where he lived. Mr. Scott of Crown-court, Weſtminſter, had a ſketch of Roubiliac's

head in oil by himſelf, which he painted a little before his death.

Signor GÜELPHI,

A ſcholar of Camillo Ruſconi, was invited to England by lord Burlington, for whom he did many works in London and at Chiſwick. He was ſome time employed in repairing the antiques at lord Pomfret's at Eaſton Neſton, now at Oxford. His tomb of Mr. Craggs in Weſtminſter is graceful and ſimple, but ſhows that he was a very indifferent ſculptor. After a reſidence here of near twenty years he returned to his native Bologna in 1734.

L. DELVAUX

Worked with Plumiere, and then with Bird. He went to Italy with Scheemaker in Auguſt

guſt 1728, ſtaid four or five years, and then returned to England; but ſettled at laſt at Bruſſels. There is a good groupe by him at Stowe. For the late earl of Tilney he made a ſtatue of Hercules; and the figure of Time for the duke of Buckingham's monument in Weſtminſter-abbey. The ducheſs's figure was executed by Scheemaker.

A retainer of the art on a ſmaller ſcale was

JAMES FRANCIS VERSKOVIS,

An excellent carver in ivory, born in Flanders but ſettled at Rome, where he was ſo much employed by Engliſh travellers, that he concluded he ſhould make a fortune in England: he came over—and ſtarved. He executed whole figures in ſmall and vaſes, with perfect taſte and judgment, and carved

alſo in wood. He had a ſon, who to the ſame arts added painting, but died young in 1749, before his father. The latter did not ſurvive above a year.

It would be injuſtice to omit the late Mr. Goſſet, and his nephew who has excelled his uncle, and carried the art of taking likeneſſes in wax to ſurprizing perfection.

MEDALLISTS.

JOHN DASSIER,

THough never in England, is certainly entitled to a place in this catalogue. He was medalliſt to the republic of Geneva, and aſpiring to be employed in the mint here, ſtruck a ſeries of the kings of England, in a better ſtyle than our medals had been of late years. Some of the heads indeed were not taken from true originals, but the temples and monuments on the reverſes were well deſigned and executed. He publiſhed them by ſubſcription in 1731, at ſix guineas for 33 medals in copper, and fifteen in ſilver. His brother James had been here three or four years before to endeavour to procure a place in our mint for John, but none being vacant, ſir Andrew Fountaine, the celebrated virtuoſo and pa-

tron of artists, and Mr. Conduit, who had married sir Isaac Newton's niece, and who were the persons then directing the mint, offered a pension of 50 *l.* a year to Dassier till Mr. Croker should die; but he was not content with the offer. James Antony Dassier, nephew of John, came over, and on Croker's death in 1740, was next year appointed second engraver to the mint, and returned to Geneva in 1745. The uncle had executed a set of the reformers in smaller brass, and begun large medals of some of our great men then living; the nephew did several more, which were sold in copper at seven shillings and sixpence each, and are very good performances, though inferior to the medals of the popes by Hamerani, and more inferior to those of St. Urbain, medallist to the last dukes of Lorrain. There is a beautiful and numerous suite of Roman history in small medals of bronze by the younger Dassier.

J. CHRIS-

J. CHRISTOPHER TANNER,

Of Saxe Gotha, came to England about 1733, and had practised carving and graving for snuff-boxes, gun-locks, and in mother of pearl. He was retained as a domestic in the family of the prince of Wales, and by Mr. Conduit employed in the mint, where he rose to be principal engraver on the death of Mr. Croker. He did medals of the prince and princess of Orange and sir Isaac Newton, and the large family medal of the late king and queen and all their children.

LAURENCE NATTIER,

Of Biberach in Suabia, was a good engraver of intaglias and medallist. He struck a fine medal of sir Robert Walpole, the reverse of which was copied from lord Leicester's statue of Cicero. He had studied in Italy, and afterwards resided several years

in

in England. In 1746 he went to Holland to make a medal of the prince of Orange, as in 1743 he had been in Denmark with Marcus Toufcher, painter, architect and engraver, of Nuremberg, who arrived here from Italy in 1741, and brought a high-finifhed drawing of the great duke's entrance into Florence, which he alfo executed with great labour for the emprefs-queen, who however did not purchafe it. The king of Denmark bought the plate of the entry, and retained Toufcher in his fervice. Mr. Nattier publifhed a well-known book on ancient gems, was fellow of the royal and antiquarian focieties, and died of an afthma December 27, 1763, at St. Peterfburgh, whither he had been invited as principal engraver to the emprefs. There is a fmall head of him from a medal executed by himfelf, in the 2d volume of the memoirs of Thomas Hollis, 4to, 1780, where alfo is fome account of him.

ANEC-

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. VI.

Architects in the Reign of GEORGE II.

IT was in this reign that architecture resumed all her rights. Noble publications of Palladio, Jones, and the antique, recalled her to true principles and correct taste; she found men of genius to execute her rules, and patrons to countenance their labours. She found more, and what Rome could not boast, men of the first rank who contributed

contributed to embellish their country by buildings of their own design in the purest style of antique composition. Before the glorious close of a reign that carried our arms and victories beyond where Roman eagles ever flew, ardour for the arts had led our travellers to explore whatever beauties of Grecian or Latin taste still subsisted in provinces once subjected to Rome; and the fine editions in consequence of those researches have established the throne of architecture in Britain, while itself languishes at Rome, wantons in tawdry imitations of the French in other parts of Europe, and struggles in vain at Paris to surmount their prepossession in favour of their own errors—for fickle as we call that nation, their music and architecture prove how long their ears and eyes can be constant to discord and disproportion.

GIACOMO LEONI,

A Venetian, who had been architect to the elector Palatine, settled in England, and published a fine edition of Palladio in 1742. He was employed in building several houses, and died in 1746.

JOHN NICHOLAS SERVANDONI,

A celebrated architect, resided here some years, though having various talents, he was best known in his own country as a painter. He executed many scenes for the opera, and painted a staircase (in conjunction with one Andrea) at Mr. Arundel's, the corner of Burlington-street, now Mr. Townshend's. He also gave the design of the theatre of fireworks for the peace in 1746, soon after which he returned to Paris.

He

He was born at Florence May 2, 1695, ſtudied under Paolo Panini and Roſſi, and was created a knight of the order of Chriſt. His genius was particularly turned to theatric machinery, of which he gave proofs at Dreſden and Liſbon, and eſpecially at Paris, where he was received into the academy of painting and ſculpture, and where he contrived magnificent ſerious pantomimes in the grande ſale des machines, beſides fine decorations in ſeveral operas. An account of thoſe ſhows may be ſeen in the fifth volume of the Dictionaire des Theatres. His capital work was the facade of St. Sulpice, but the enormous maſſes of ſtone which he has heaped on the tops of the towers, and which are conſiderable enough to disfigure the view of the city itſelf, deſtroy the reſult of ſo ſuperb a frontiſpiece.

THOMAS

THOMAS RIPLEY

Was born in Yorkſhire, and executed ſuch conſiderable works that he muſt not be omitted, though he wanted taſte and fell under the laſh of laſting ſatire. Pope has twic ementioned him,

> Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile?
> Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile

And again,

> And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

The truth is, politics and partiality concurred to help on theſe cenſures. Ripley was employed by the miniſter, and had not the countenance of lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is no leſs true, that the admiralty is a moſt ugly edifice, and deſervedly veiled by Mr. Adam's handſome ſcreen. Yet Ripley, in the mechanic part, and in the diſpoſition of apartments and conveniencies, was unluckily ſuperior to the earl himſelf.

himſelf. Lord Orford's at Houghton, of which Campbell gave the original deſign, but which was much improved by Ripley, and lord Walpole's at Woolterton, one of the beſt houſes of the ſize in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artiſt of the charge of ignorance. I muſt mention a more barbarous architect before I come to the luminaries of the ſcience. This was

BATTY LANGLEY,

Who endeavoured to adapt Gothic architecture to Roman meaſures; as ſir Philip Sidney attempted to regulate Engliſh verſe by Roman feet. Langley went farther, and [for he never copied Gothic] *invented* five orders for that ſtyle. All that his books atchieved, has been to teach carpenters to maſſacre that venerable ſpecies, and to give occaſion to thoſe who know nothing of the matter, and who miſtake his clumſy efforts for

for real imitations, to cenſure the productions of our anceſtors, whoſe bold and beautiful fabrics ſir Chriſtopher Wren viewed and reviewed with aſtoniſhment, and never mentioned without eſteem. Batty Langley publiſhed ſome other works, particularly, An accurate Deſcription of Newgate, &c. 1724. A Deſign for a new Bridge at Weſtminſter, 1736; A Reply to Mr. James's Tract on the ſame ſubject, * and an uſeful one on the prices of work and materials for building. He alſo invented an artificial ſtone, of which he made figures: an art lately brought to great perfection.

HENRY HERBERT Earl of PEMBROKE.

The ſoul of Inigo Jones, who had been patronized by his anceſtors, ſeemed ſtill to

* Vide Britiſh Topogr. vol. i. p. 635. and 736.

hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have aſſiſted the muſes of arts in the education of this noble perſon. The towers, the chambers, the ſcenes which Holbein, Jones and Vandyck had decorated, and which earl Thomas had enriched with the ſpoils of the beſt ages, received the laſt touches of beauty from earl Henry's hand. He removed all that obſtructed the views to or from his palace, and threw Palladio's theatric bridge over his river: the preſent lord has crowned the ſummit of the hill with the equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius, and a handſome arch deſigned by ſir William Chambers.

No man had a purer taſte in building than earl Henry, of which he gave a few ſpecimens, beſides his works at Wilton. The new lodge in Richmond-park, the counteſs of Suffolk's houſe at Marble-hill Twickenham, the water-houſe in lord Orford's park at Houghton, are inconteſtable proofs

proofs of lord Pembroke's tafte. It was more than tafte, it was paffion for the utility and honour of his country that engaged his lordfhip to promote and affiduoufly overlook the conftruction of Weftminfter-bridge by the ingenious * monfieur Labelye, a man that deferves more notice than this flight encomium can beftow.

RICHARD BOYLE Earl of BURLINGTON.

Never was protection and great wealth more generoufly and more judicioufly diffufed

* Charles Labelye died at Paris in the beginning of 1762. I know no particulars of his life: a monument he cannot want while the bridge exifts. In Gough's Brit. Topogr. vol. i. p. 474, is mentioned a plan of the intended harbour between Sandwich town and Sandown caftle, by Charles Labelye, as is his defcription of Weftminfter-bridge, and his propofals for a fuller account, ib. 729. He was a native of Swifferland, was naturalized in England, but retired to France for his health.

 than

than by this great perſon, who had every quality of a genius and artiſt, except envy. Though his own deſigns were more chaſte and claſſic than Kent's, he entertained him in his houſe till his death, and was more ſtudious to extend his friend's fame than his own. In theſe ſheets I have mentioned many other inſtances of the painters and artiſts he encouraged and rewarded. Nor was his munificence confined to himſelf and his own houſes and gardens. He ſpent great ſums in contributing to public works, and was known to chuſe that the expence ſhould fall on himſelf, rather than that his country ſhould be deprived of ſome beautiful edifices. His enthuſiaſm for the works of Inigo Jones was ſo active, that he repaired the church of Covent-garden becauſe it was the production of that great maſter, and purchaſed a gateway at Beaufort-garden in Chelſea, and tranſported the identical ſtones to Chiſwick

with

with religious attachment. With the fame zeal for pure architecture he affifted Kent in publifhing the defigns for Whitehall, and gave a beautiful edition of the antique baths from the drawings of Palladio, whofe papers he procured with great coft. Befides his works on his own eftate at Lonfborough in Yorkfhire, he new fronted his houfe in Piccadilly, built by his * father, and added the grand colonade within the court. As we have few famples of architecture more antique and impofing than that colonade, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myfelf. I had not only never feen it, but had never heard of it, at leaft with any attention, when foon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-

* That lord Burlington being afked, why he built his houfe fo far out of town? replied, becaufe he was determined to have no building beyond him. Little more than half a century has fo inclofed Burlington-houfe with new ftreets, that it is now in the heart of that part of London.

 houfe.

houſe. As I paſſed under the gate by night, it could not ſtrike me. At day-break looking out of the window to ſee the ſun riſe, I was ſurpriſed with the viſion of the * colonade that fronted me. It ſeemed one of thoſe edifices in fairy tales that are raiſed by genii in a night's time.

His lordſhip's houſe at Chiſwick, the idea of which is borrowed from a well-known villa of Palladio, is a model of taſte, though not without faults, ſome of which are occaſioned by too ſtrict adherence to rules and ſymmetry. Such are too many correſpondent doors in ſpaces ſo contracted; chimnies between windows, and which is worſe, windows between chimnies; and veſtibules, however beautiful, yet too little ſecured from the damps of this climate. The truſſes

* Campbell, in his Vitruvius Britannicus, aſſumes to himſelf the new front of Burlington-houſe and the gateway, but as he takes no credit for the colonade, which is in a ſtyle very ſuperior to his deſigns, we may ſafely conclude it was the earl's own.

that

that ſupport the cieling of the corner drawing-room are beyond meaſure maſſive, and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb, than a library in a northern latitude. Yet theſe blemiſhes, and lord Hervey's wit, who ſaid *the houſe was too ſmall to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch*, cannot depreciate the taſte that reigns in the whole. The larger court, dignified by picturesque cedars, and the claſſic ſcenery of the ſmall court that unites the old and new houſe, are more worth ſeeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur, which our travellers viſit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages. The garden is in the Italian taſte, but diveſted of conceits, and far preferable to every ſtyle that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy and not equal to the purity of the houſe. The laviſh quantity of urns and ſculpture behind the garden-front ſhould be retrenched.

Other

Other works deſigned by lord Burlington, were, the dormitory at Weſtminſter-ſchool, the aſſembly-room at York, lord Harrington's * at Peterſham, the duke of Richmond's houſe at Whitehall, and general Wade's in Cork-ſtreet. Both the latter were ill-contrived and inconvenient, but the latter has ſo beautiful a front, that lord Cheſterfield ſaid, *as the General could not live in it to his eaſe, he had better take a houſe over againſt it and look at it.* Theſe are mere details relating to this illuſtrious perſon's works.† His genuine praiſe is better ſecured in Mr. Pope's epiſtle to him.

I ought not to omit that his counteſs, lady Dorothy Saville, had no leſs attachment to the arts than her lord. She drew

* The octagon buildings at each end were afterwards added by Sheperd.

† Lord Burlington being conſulted by the citizens for a proper perſon to carve the bas-relief in the pediment of the Manſion-houſe, his lordſhip replied, any body could do well enough for ſuch a building.

in crayons, and ſucceeded admirably in likeneſſes, but working with too much rapidity, did not do juſtice to her genius. She had an uncommon talent too for caricatura.

WILLIAM KENT.

Under the auſpices of lord Burlington and lord Pembroke, architecture, as I have ſaid, recovered its genuine luſtre. The former, the Apollo of arts, found a proper prieſt in the perſon of Mr. Kent. As I mean no panegyric on any man, beyond what he deſerved, or what to the beſt of my poſſibly erroneous judgment, I think he deſerved, I ſhall ſpeak with equal impartiality on the merits and faults of Kent, the former of which exceedingly, preponderated. He was a painter, an architect, and the father of modern gardening. In the firſt character, he was below mediocrity; in the ſecond, he was a reſtorer of the ſcience; in the laſt, an

an original, and the inventor of an art that realizes painting, and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an Elyſium, but Kent created many.

He was born in Yorkſhire, and put apprentice to a coach-painter, but feeling the emotions of genius he left his maſter without leave, and repaired to London; where he ſtudied a little, and gave indications enough of abilities to excite a generous patronage in ſome gentlemen of his own country, who raiſed a contribution ſufficient to ſend him to Rome, whither he accompanied Mr. Talman in 1710. In that capital of the arts he ſtudied under cavalier Luti, and in the academy gained the ſecond prize of the ſecond claſs; ſtill without ſuſpecting that there was a ſiſter art within his reach, more congenial to his talents. Though his firſt reſources were exhauſted, he ſtill found friends. Another of his countrymen, ſir William Wentworth, allowed him

40*l.* a year for ſeven years. But it was at Rome that his better ſtar brought him acquainted with lord Burlington, whoſe ſagacity diſcovered the rich vein of genius that had been hid from the artiſt himſelf. On their return to England in 1719, lord Burlington gave him an apartment in his own houſe, and added all the graces of favour and recommendation. By that noble perſon's intereſt Kent was employed in various works, both as a painter of hiſtory and portrait; and yet it muſt be allowed that in each branch partiality muſt have operated ſtrongly to make his lordſhip believe he diſcovered any merit in his friend. His portraits bore little reſemblance to the perſons that ſat for them; and the colouring was worſe, more raw and undetermined than that of the moſt errant journeymen to the profeſſion. The whole lengths at Eſher are ſtanding evidences of this aſſertion. In his cielings, Kent's drawing was as defective

tive as the colouring of his portraits, and as void of every merit. I have mentioned Hogarth's parody, if I may call it ſo, of his picture at St. Clement's. The hall at Wanſtead is another proof of his incapacity. Sir Robert Walpole, who was perſuaded to employ him at Houghton, where he painted ſeveral cielings and the ſtaircaſe, would not permit him however to work in colours, which would have been ſtill more diſgraced by the preſence of ſo many capital pictures, but reſtrained him to chiaro ſcuro. If his faults are thence not ſo glaring, they are ſcarce leſs numerous. He painted a ſtaircaſe in the ſame way for lord Townſhend at Rainham.

To compenſate for his bad paintings, he had an excellent taſte for ornaments, and gave deſigns for moſt of the furniture at Houghton, as he did for ſeveral other perſons. Yet chaſte as theſe ornaments were, they were often unmeaſurably ponderous.

His

His chimney-pieces, though lighter than those of Inigo, whom he imitated, are frequently heavy; and his constant introduction of pediments and the members of architecture over doors, and within rooms, was disproportioned and cumbrous. Indeed I much question whether the Romans admitted regular architecture *within* their houses. At least the discoveries at Herculaneum testify, that a light and fantastic architecture, of a very Indian air, made a common decoration of private apartments. Kent's style however predominated authoritatively during his life; and his oracle was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought compleat without his assistance. He was not only consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for plate, for a barge, for a cradle. And so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birth-day gowns. The

one

one he dreſſed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders: the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured ſattin with ornaments of gold. He was not more happy in other works in which he miſapplied his genius. The gilt rails to the hermitage at Richmond were in truth but a trifling impropriety; but his celebrated monument of Shakeſpeare in the abbey was prepoſterous. What an abſurdity to place buſts at the angles of a pedeſtal, and at the bottom of that pedeſtal! Whoſe choice the buſts were I do not know, but though queen Elizabeth's head might be intended to mark the æra in which the poet flouriſhed, why were Richard II. and Henry V. ſelected? Are the pieces under the names of thoſe princes two of Shakeſpeare's moſt capital works? or what reaſon can be aſſigned for giving them the preference?

As Kent's genius was not univerſal, he has ſucceeded as ill in Gothic. The King's bench

bench at Weſtminſter, and Mr. Pelham's houſe at Eſher, are proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of that architecture. Yet he was ſometimes ſenſible of its beauties, and publiſhed a print of Wolſey's noble hall at Hampton-court, now crouded and half hidden by a theatre. Kent gave the deſign for the ornaments of the chapel at the prince of Orange's wedding, of which he alſo made a print *.

Such of the drawings as he deſigned for Gay's Fables, have ſome truth and nature; [illegible] whoever would ſearch for his faults, [illegible]nd an ample crop in a very favourite [illegible] his, the prints for Spenſer's Fairy [illegible]een. As the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, and diſappointed the public in proportion, the blame

* His vignettes to the large edition of Pope's works are in a good taſte.

was thrown on the engraver, but so far unjustly, that though ill executed, the wretchedness of drawing, the total ignorance of perspective, the want of variety, the disproportion of the buildings, and the awkwardness of the attitudes, could have been the faults of the inventor only. There are figures issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders, castles in which the towers could not contain an infant, and knights who hold their spears as men do who are lifting a load sideways. The landscapes are the only tolerable parts, and yet the trees are seldom other than young beeches to which Kent as a planter was accustomed.

But in architecture his taste was deservedly admired; and without enumerating particulars, the staircase at lady Isabella Finch's in Berkeley-square is as beautiful a piece of scenery, and considering the

the ſpace, of art, as can be imagined. The temple of Venus at Stowe has ſimplicity and merit, and the great room at Mr. Pelham's in Arlington-ſtreet, is as remarkable for magnificence. I do not admire equally the room ornamented with marble and gilding at Kenſington. The ſtaircaſe there is the leaſt defective work of his pencil; and his ceilings in that palace from antique paintings, which he firſt happily introduced, ſhow that he was not too ridiculouſly prejudiced in favour of his own hiſtoric compoſitions.

Of all his works, his favourite production was the earl of Leiceſter's houſe at Holkam in Norfolk. The great hall, with the flight of ſteps at the upper end, in which he propoſed to place a coloſſal Jupiter, was a noble idea. How the deſigns of that houſe, which I have ſeen an hundred times in Kent's original drawings,

came to be publiſhed under another name *, and without the ſlighteſt mention of the real architect, is beyond comprehenſion. The bridge, the temple, the great gateway, all built, I believe, the two firſt certainly, under Kent's own eye, are alike paſſed off as the works of another; and yet no man need envy or deny him the glory of having oppreſſed a triumphal arch with an Egyptian pyramid. Holkam has its faults, but they are Kent's faults, and marked with all the peculiarities of his ſtyle.

As I intend to conſider him as the inventor of modern gardening in a chapter by itſelf, I will conclude this account of him

* "The plan and elevations of the late earl of Leiceſter's houſe at Holkam were engraved and publiſhed, Lond. 1761. fol. by Mr. Brettingham, architect, who had not the modeſty to own that it was built after the deſign of Kent." Gough's Brit. Topogr. vol. ii. p. 25.

with

with the few remaining circumſtances of his life. By the patronage of the queen, of the dukes of Grafton and Newcaſtle, and Mr. Pelham, and by the intereſt of his conſtant friend, he was made maſter carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and, after the death of Jervas, principal painter to the crown; the whole, including a penſion of 100 *l.* a year, which was given him for his works at Kenſington, producing 600*l.* a year. In 1743 he had a diſorder in his eyes that was thought paralytic, but recovered. But in March 1748 he had an inflammation both in his bowels and foot, which turned to a general mortification, and put an end to his life at Burlington-houſe, April 12, 1748, in the ſixty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in a very handſome manner in lord Burlington's vault at Chiſwick. His fortune, which with pictures and books, amounted

to about ten thousand pounds, he divided between his relations, and an actress with whom he had long lived in particular friendship. *

* Henry Flitcroft was an artist much employed about this period. He built the church of St. Giles in the fields, the steeple of which too much resembled that of St. Martin. His too was the church of St. Olave, Southwark, reckoned the best of the new erections, but the tower was not finished, from the deficience of the allotted fund. Flitcroft is buried in the church-yard at Teddington, and against the church is a small tablet with a Latin inscription, which may be read from the road.

ANECDOTES
OF
PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. VII.

On Modern Gardening.

GARDENING was probably one of the first arts that ſucceeded to that of building houſes, and naturally attended property and individual poſſeſſion. Culinary, and afterwards medicinal herbs, were the objects of every head of a family: it became convenient to have them within reach, without ſeeking them at random in woods, in

meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceaſed to furniſh ſpontaneouſly all theſe primitive luxuries, and culture became requiſite, ſeparate incloſures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the ſame predicament, and thoſe moſt in uſe or that demand attention, muſt have entered into and extended the domeſtic incloſure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and every body knows the conſequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprized that the prototype of all theſe ſorts was the garden of Eden, but as that Paradiſe was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being incloſed by the rivers Piſon, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as every tree that was pleaſant to the ſight and good for food grew in it, and as two other trees were likewiſe found there,

there, of which not a ſlip or ſucker remains, it does not belong to the preſent diſcuſſion. After the fall no man living was ſuffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and neceſſities of our firſt anceſtors hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their eſtates* in imitation of it, ſuppoſing any plan had been preſerved. A cottage and a ſlip of ground for a cabbage and a gooſeberry-buſh, ſuch as we ſee by the ſide of a common, were in all probability the earlieſt ſeats and gardens: a well and bucket ſucceeded to the Piſon and Euphrates. As ſettlements increaſed, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earlieſt princes of tribes poſſeſſed juſt the neceſſaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this ſituation; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reaſon to think that for many centuries the

the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was something approaching to that of Verſailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him ſo far as to allow that, conſidering who deſigned it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æſop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largeſt rivers in the world were half ſo magnificent as an hundred fountains full of ſtatues by Girardon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times paſſed for whatever was underſtood by that term in different Countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for ſeveral centuries, is evident from thoſe few deſcriptions that are preſerved of the moſt famous gardens of antiquity.

That of Alcinous, in the Odyſſey, is the moſt renowned in the heroic times. Is there

there an admirer of Homer who can read his deſcription without rapture; or who does not form to his imagination a ſcene of delights more picturеſque than the landſcapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez? Yet what was that boaſted Paradiſe with which

the gods ordain'd
To grace Alcinous and his happy land? POPE.

Why, diveſted of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a ſmall orchard and vineyard, with ſome beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, incloſed within a quickſet hedge. The whole compaſs of this pompous garden incloſed—four acres.

Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.

The trees were apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, olives, and vines.

Tall

Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mold;
The redning apple ripens into gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.

* * * * * *

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.

Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal ſummer, and no doubt an effort of imagination ſurpaſſing any thing he had ever ſeen. As he has beſtowed on the ſame happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of ſilver, he certainly intended that the garden ſhould be proportionably magnificent. We are ſure therefore that as late as Homer's age, an incloſure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard and kitchen-garden, was a ſtretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a ſtill greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their diſpoſition or contents, but as they are ſuppoſed to have been formed on terraſſes and the walls of the palace, whither ſoil was conveyed on purpoſe, we are very certain of what they were not; I mean they muſt have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton inſtance of expence and labour. In other words they were what ſumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the preſent, unnatural, enriched by art, poſſibly with fountains, ſtatues, baluſtrades, and ſummer-houſes, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to thoſe of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our gueſs to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whoſe climate inſtilled a wiſh for cool retreats, ſpeak of their enjoyments in that kind, they ſigh for

for grottos, caves, and the refreſhing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and ſhady founts; or boaſt of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths and breezes from the ſea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording ſhade and ſhelter from the rage of the dog-ſtar. Pliny has left us deſcriptions of two of his villas. As he uſed his Laurentine villa for his winter retreat, it is not ſurpriſing that the garden makes no conſiderable part of the account. All he ſays of it is, that the geſtatio or place of exerciſe, which ſurrounded the garden (the latter conſequently not being very large) was bounded by a hedge of box, and where that was periſhed, with roſemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that moſt of the trees were fig and mulberry, the ſoil not being proper for any other ſorts.

On his Tuſcan villa he is more diffuſe, the garden makes a conſiderable part of the deſcription—and what was the principal beauty

beauty of that pleaſure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threeſcore years ago; box-trees cut into monſters, animals, letters, and the names of the maſter and the artificer. In an age when architecture diſplayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taſte; when aroſe Veſpaſian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and veſtiges of which ſtill excite our aſtoniſhment and curioſity; a Roman conſul, a poliſhed emperor's friend, and a man of elegant litterature and taſte, delighted in what the mob now ſcarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's correſponded exactly with thoſe laid out by London and Wiſe on Dutch principles. He talks of ſlopes, terraſſes, a wilderneſs, ſhrubs methodically trimmed, a marble baſon, * pipes ſpouting

* The Engliſh gardens deſcribed by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth, are exact copies of thoſe of Pliny.

In

ing water, a cafcade falling into the bafon, bay-trees, alternately planted with planes, and a ftrait walk, from whence iffued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obelifks placed between every two. There wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan ferve for a defcription of one in that of king William *. In one paffage above Pliny feems to have conceived

In that at Whitehall was a fun-dial and jet-d'eau, which on turning a cock fpurted out water and fprinkled the fpectators. In lord Burleigh's at Theobald's were obelifks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with cifterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton-court the garden walls were covered with rofemary, a cuftom, he fays, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth alfo, an ingenuity I fhall mention prefently to have been frequent in that age.

* Dr. Plot, in his natural hiftory of Oxfordfhire, p. 380, feems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the moft heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for faying that the Englifh are as expert as moft nations in that kind of fculpture; for which Hampton-court was particularly

ceived that natural irregularity might be a beauty; in opere urbaniſſimo, ſays he, ſubita velut illati ruris imitatio. Something like a rural view was contrived amidſt ſo much poliſhed compoſition. But the idea ſoon vaniſhed, lineal walks immediately enveloped the ſlight ſcene, and names and inſcriptions in box again ſucceeded to compenſate for the daring introduction of nature.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be ſeen in the ſecond volume of the prints. They are ſmall ſquare incloſures formed by trellis-work, and eſpaliers, * and regularly orna-

particularly remarkable. The Doctor then names other gardens that flouriſhed with animals and caſtles, formed arte topiariâ, and above all a wren's neſt that was capacious enough to receive a man to ſit on a ſeat made within it for that purpoſe.

* At Warwick-caſtle is an ancient ſuit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly reſembling theſe pictures of Herculaneum.

 mented

mented with vaſes, fountains and careatides, elegantly ſymmetrical, and proper for the narrow ſpaces allotted to the garden of a houſe in a capital city. From ſuch I would not baniſh thoſe playful waters that refreſh a ſultry manſion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preſerves its wooden verdure better than natural greens expoſed to duſt. Thoſe treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect.—They form light corridores, and tranſpicuous arbours through which the ſun-beams play and chequer the ſhade, ſet off the ſtatues, vaſes and flowers, that marry with their gaudy hotels, and ſuit the gallant and idle ſociety who paint the walks between their parterres, and realize the fantaſtic ſcenes of Watteau and Durfè.

From what I have ſaid, it appears how naturally and inſenſibly the idea of a kitchen-garden ſlid into that which has for ſo many

ages

ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our anceſtors in this country, diſtinguiſhed by the name of a pleaſure-garden. A ſquare piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the uſe of the family—to exclude cattle and aſcertain the property it was ſeparated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and deſire of privacy increaſed, the incloſure was dignified by walls; and in climes where fruits were not laviſhed by the ripening glow of nature and ſoil, fruit-trees were aſſiſted and ſheltered from ſurrounding winds by the like expedient; for the inundation of luxuries which have ſwelled into general neceſſities, have almoſt all taken their ſource from the ſimple fountain of reaſon.

When the cuſtom of making ſquare gardens incloſed with walls was thus eſtabliſhed, to the excluſion of nature and * proſpect, pomp

* It was not uncommon, after the circumadjacent country

pomp and solitude combined to call for something that might enrich and enliven the insipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, first invented for use, which grandeur loves to disguise and throw out of the question, received embellishments from costly marbles, and at last to contradict utility, tossed their waste of waters into air in spouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a succedaneum to nature; in the hands of ostentatious wealth, it became the means of opposing nature; and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of mæandring streams, and terrasses were hoisted aloft in opposition to the facile slopes that imperceptibly unite the

country had been shut out, to endeavour to recover it by raising large mounts of earth to peep over the walls of the garden.

valley

valley to the hill. Balauſtrades defended theſe precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of ſteps rejoined them to the ſubjacent flat from which the terraſs had been dug. Vaſes and ſculpture were added to theſe unneceſſary balconies, and ſtatues finiſhed the lifeleſs ſpot with mimic repreſentations of the excluded ſons of men. Thus difficulty and expence were the conſtituent parts of thoſe ſumptuous and ſelfiſh ſolitudes; and every improvement that was made, was but a ſtep farther from nature. The tricks of waterworks to wet the unwary, not to refreſh the panting ſpectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childiſh endeavours of faſhion and novelty to reconcile greatneſs to what it had ſurfeited on. To crown theſe impotent diſplays of falſe taſte, the ſheers were applied to the lovely wildneſs of form with which nature has diſtinguiſhed each

various ſpecies of tree and ſhrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the uſeful elm, even the aſpiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the cheſnut, and the almoſt moulded orange-tree, were corrected by ſuch fantaſtic admirers of ſymmetry. The compaſs and ſquare were of more uſe in plantations than the nurſeryman. The meaſured walk, the quincunx, and the etoile impoſed their unſatisfying ſameneſs on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their ſides pared away; many French groves ſeem green cheſts ſet upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and ſummer-houſes, terminated every viſto; and ſymmetry, even where the ſpace was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was ſo eſſential, that, as Pope obſerved,

> ———each alley has a brother,
> And half the garden juſt reflects the other.

Knots of flowers were more defenſibly ſubjected

jected to the ſame regularity. Leiſure, as Milton expreſſed it.

in trim gardens took his pleaſure.

In the garden of marſhal de Biron at Paris, conſiſting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each ſide by lines of flower-pots, which ſucceed in their ſeaſons. When I ſaw it, there were nine thouſand pots of Aſters, or la Reine Marguerite.

We do not preciſely know what our anceſtors meant by a bower, it was probably an arbour; ſometimes it meant the whole frittered incloſure, and in one inſtance it certainly included a labyrinth. Roſamond's bower was indiſputably of that kind, though whether compoſed of walls or hedges we cannot determine.* A ſquare and a round labyrinth

* Drayton in a note to his Epiſtle of Roſamond, ſays her labyrinth was built of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and ſtone—but, as Mr. Gough

labyrinth were ſo capital ingredients of a garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. there is ſcarce a ground-plot without one of each. The enchantment of antique appellations has conſecrated a pleaſing idea of a royal reſidence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic ſcene.

In Kip's views of the ſeats of our nobility and gentry, we ſee the ſame tireſome and returning uniformity. Every houſe is approached by two or three gardens, conſiſting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two graſs-plats, or borders of flowers. Each riſes above the other by two or three

Gough obſerves, he gives no authority for that aſſertion, v. pref. to 2d edit. of Britiſh Topography, p. xxx. Such vaults might remain to Drayton's time, but did not prove that there had been no ſuperſtructure.

ſteps,

ſteps, and as many walls and terraſſes; and ſo many iron-gates, that we recollect thoſe ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At lady Orford's at Piddletown in Dorſetſhire, there was, when my brother married, a double incloſure of thirteen gardens, each I ſuppoſe not much above an hundred yards ſquare, with an enfilade of correſpondent gates; and before you arrived at theſe, you paſſed a narrow gut between two ſtone terraſſes, that roſe above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in thoſe times, a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

Yet though theſe and ſuch prepoſterous inconveniencies prevailed from age to age, good ſenſe in this country had perceived the want of ſomething at once more grand and more natural. Theſe reflections and the

bounds

bounds ſet to the waſte made by royal ſpoilers gave origine to parks. They were contracted foreſts, and extended gardens. Hentzner ſays, that according to Rous of Warwick the firſt park was that at Woodſtock. If ſo, it might be the foundation of a legend that Henry II. ſecured his miſtreſs in a labyrinth: it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary that having ſo long ago ſtumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we ſhould have perſiſted in retaining its reverſe, ſymmetrical and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to ſuppoſe, by obſerving that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different

rent both in compaſs and diſpoſition. Their parks are uſually ſquare or oblong incloſures, regularly planted with walks of cheſnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's court at Chelſea-college, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor cuſtom could impoſe their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkneſs and ſolitude compaſſed round*, judged that the miſtaken and fantaſtic ornaments he had ſeen in gardens, were unworthy of the almighty hand that planted the delights of Paradiſe. He ſeems with the prophetic eye of taſte [as I have heard taſte well * defined] to have conceived, to have foreſeen modern gardening; as lord Bacon announced the

* By the great lord Chatham, who had a good taſte himſelf in modern gardening, as he ſhewed by his own villas in Enfield Chace and at Hayes.

diſcoveries

diſcoveries ſince made by experimental philoſophy. The deſcription of Eden is a warmer and more juſt picture of the preſent ſtyle than Claud Lorrain could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The firſt lines I ſhall quote exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent ſcale.

Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy hill,
Paſs'd underneath ingulph'd, for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current——

Hagley ſeems pictured in what follows,

which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt updrawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden——

What colouring, what freedom of pencil, what landſcape in theſe lines,

——from

——from that ſaphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not *nice art*
In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The *open field*, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. —*Thus was this place*
A happy rural ſeat of various view.

Read this tranſporting deſcription, paint to your mind the ſcenes that follow, contraſt them with the ſavage but reſpectable terror with which the poet guards the bounds of his Paradiſe, fenced

——with the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild
Acceſs denied; and over head upgrew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and as the ranks aſcend,

Shade

Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view——

and then recollect that the author of this ſublime viſion had never ſeen a glimpſe of any thing like what he has imagined, that his favourite ancients had dropped not a hint of ſuch divine ſcenery, and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobalds and Nonſuch, were the brighteſt originals that his memory could furniſh. His intellectual eye ſaw a nobler plan, ſo little did he ſuffer by the loſs of ſight. It ſufficed him to have ſeen the materials with which he could work. The vigour of a boundleſs imagination told him how a plan might be diſpoſed, that would embelliſh nature, and reſtore art to its proper office, the juſt improvement or imitation of it. *

* Since the above was written, I have found Milton praiſed and ſir William Temple cenſured, on the ſame foundations, in a poem called, The Riſe and Progreſs of the preſent Taſte in Planting, printed in 1767.

It is neceſſary that the concurrent teſtimony of the age ſhould ſwear to poſterity that the deſcription above-quoted was written above half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous deſcendants will defraud the poet of half his glory, by being perſuaded that he copied ſome garden or gardens he had ſeen—ſo minutely do his ideas correſpond with the preſent ſtandard. But what ſhall we ſay for that intervening half century who could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

Now let us turn to an admired writer, poſterior to Milton, and ſee how cold, how inſipid, how taſteleſs is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I ſpeak not of his ſtyle, which it was not neceſſary for him to animate with the colouring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taſte, that I cenſure, when he dictated on a ſubject that is capable of

all

all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can beſtow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man; Milton, a genius of the firſt order.

We cannot wonder that ſir William declares in favour of parterres, fountains and ſtatues, as neceſſary to break the ſameneſs of large graſs-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he diſcovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton ſtudied the ancients with equal enthuſiaſm, but no bigotry, and had judgment to diſtinguiſh between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his Paradiſe with Homer's garden, both aſcribed to a celeſtial deſign. For ſir William, it is juſt to obſerve, that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honour of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little elſe than diſpoſing them to the beſt advantage. Here is the paſſage I propoſed

to quote; it is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words inftead of my own.

"The beft figure of a garden is either a fquare or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a defcent: they have all their beauties, but the beft I efteem an oblong upon a defcent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expence, which is very great in finifhing and fupporting the terras-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the ftone-ftairs that are neceffary from one to the other.

"The perfecteft figure of a garden I ever faw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-park in Hertfordfhire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the countefs of Bedford, efteemed among the greateft wits of her time, and celebrated by doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much coft; but

greater ſums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want ſenſe in proportion to money, or *if nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing elſe, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments." [We ſhall ſee how *natural* that admired garden was.]

" Becauſe I take * the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the moſt beautiful and perfect, at leaſt in the figure and diſpoſition that I have ever ſeen, I will deſcribe it for a model to thoſe that meet with ſuch a ſituation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the ſide of a hill, upon which the houſe ſtands, but not very ſteep. The length of the houſe, where the beſt rooms and of

* This garden ſeems to have been made after the plan laid down by lord Bacon in his 46th eſſay, to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader.

moſt

moſt uſe or pleaſure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border ſet with ſtandard laurels and at large diſtances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three deſcents by many ſtone ſteps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight ſtatues in the ſeveral quarters. At the end of the terras-walk are two ſummer-houſes, and the ſides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloiſters open to the garden, upon arches of ſtone, and ending with two other ſummer-houſes even with the cloiſters, which are paved with ſtone, and deſigned for walks of ſhade, there being none other in

the whole parterre. Over theſe two cloiſters are two terraſſes covered with lead and fenced with baluſters; and the paſſage into theſe airy walks is out of the two ſummer-houſes at the end of the firſt terras-walk. The cloiſter facing the ſouth is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-houſe, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been caſt for that purpoſe, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

"From the middle of this parterre is a deſcent by many ſteps flying on each ſide of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden which is all fruit-trees ranged about the ſeveral quarters of a wilderneſs which is very ſhady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embelliſhed with figures of ſhell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden,

garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is ſupplied by a garden on the other ſide the houſe, which is all of that ſort, very wild, ſhady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

"This was Moor-park, when I was acquainted with it, and the ſweeteſt place, I think, that I have ſeen in my life, either before or ſince, at home or abroad."—

I will make no farther remarks on this deſcription. Any man might deſign and *build* as ſweet a garden, who had been born in and never ſtirred out of Holbourn. It was not peculiar to ſir William Temple to think in that manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have ſeen *our* gardens, and ſtill prefer *natural* flights of ſteps and ſhady cloiſters covered with lead! Le Nautre, the architect of the groves and grot-

toes at Verſailles, came hither on a miſſion to improve our taſte. He planted St. James's and Greenwich parks—no great monüments of his invention.

To do farther juſtice to ſir William Temple, I muſt not omit what he adds. "What I have ſaid of the beſt forms of gardens, is meant only of ſuch as are in ſome ſort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others; but they muſt owe it to ſome extraordinary diſpoſitions of nature in the ſeat, *or ſome great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many diſagreeing parts *into ſome figure*, which ſhall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have ſeen in ſome places, but heard more of it from others, who have lived much among the Chineſe, a people whoſe way of thinking ſeems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as

as their country does,—Their greateſt reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty ſhall be great and ſtrike the eye, but without any order or diſpoſition of parts, that ſhall be commonly or eaſily obſerved. And though we have hardly any notion of this ſort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to expreſs it; and where they find it hit their eye at firſt ſight, they ſay the Sharawadgi is fine or is admirable, or any ſuch expreſſion of eſteem—but I ſhould hardly adviſe any of theſe attempts in the figure of gardens among us, they are adventures of too hard atchievement for any common hands: and though there may be more honour if they ſucceed well, yet there is more diſhonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately Kent and a few others were not quite ſo timid, or we might ſtill be going up and down ſtairs in the open air.

It is true, we have heard much lately, as ſir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chineſe. The former* is certainly true; they are as whimſically irregular as European gardens are formally uniform, and unvaried—but with regard to nature, it ſeems as much avoided, as in the ſquares and oblongs and ſtrait lines of our anceſtors. An artificial perpendicular rock ſtarting out of a flat plain, and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more pretenſion to be deemed natural than a lineal terraſs or a parterre. The late Mr. Joſeph Spence, who had both taſte and zeal for the preſent ſtyle, was ſo perſuaded of the Chineſe emperor's pleaſure-ground* being laid out on principles reſembling ours,

that he tranſlated and publiſhed, under the name of ſir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that incloſure from the collection of the letters of the Jeſuits. I have looked it over, and except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention being paid to nature. It is of vaſt circumference and contains 200 palaces, beſides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted and varniſhed. There are raiſed hills from 20 to 60 feet high, ſtreams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. Theſe waters are paſſed by bridges—but even their bridges muſt not be ſtrait—they ſerpentize as much as the rivulets, and are ſometimes ſo long as to be furniſhed with reſting-places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a ſtrait canal is as rational at leaſt as a mæandring bridge. The colonades undulate in the ſame manner. In ſhort, this pretty

pretty gaudy ſcene is the work of caprice and whim; and when we reflect on their buildings, preſents no image but that of unſubſtantial tawdrineſs. Nor is this all. Within this fantaſtic Paradiſe is a ſquare town, each ſide a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to entertain his imperial majeſty with the buſtle and buſineſs of the capital in which he reſides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to ſee, act merchants and all ſorts of trades, and even deſignedly exerciſe for his royal amuſement every art of knavery that is practiſed under his auſpicious government. Methinks this is the childiſh ſolace and repoſe of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here too his majeſty plays at agriculture; there is a quarter ſet apart for that purpoſe; the eunuchs ſow, reap, and carry in their harveſt in the imperial preſence; and his majeſty returns

to

to Pekin, perſuaded that he has been in the country. *

Having

* The French have of late years adopted our ſtyle in gardens, but chuſing to be fundamentally obliged to more remote rivals, they deny us half the merit, or rather the originality of the invention, by aſcribing the diſcovery to the Chineſe, and by calling our taſte in gardening Le Gout Anglo-Chinois. I think I have ſhewn that this is a blunder, and that the Chineſe have paſſed to one extremity of abſurdity, as the French and all antiquity had advanced to the other, both being equally remote from nature; regular formality is the oppoſite point to fantaſtic Sharawadgis. The French, indeed, during the faſhionable paroxyſm of philoſophy, have ſurpaſſed us, at leaſt in meditation on the art. I have peruſed a grave treatiſe of recent date, in which the author, extending his views beyond mere luxury and amuſement, has endeavoured to inſpire his countrymen, even in the gratification of their expenſive pleaſures, with benevolent projects. He propoſes to them to combine gardening with charity, and to make every ſtep of their walks an act of generoſity and a leſſon of morality. Inſtead of adorning favourite points with a heathen temple, a Chineſe pagoda, a Gothic tower, or fictitious bridge, he propoſes to them at the firſt reſting-place to erect a ſchool: a little farther to found

Having thus cleared my way by aſcertaining what have been the ideas on gardening

found an academy; at a third diſtance, a manufacture; and at the termination of the park to endow an hoſpital. Thus, ſays he, the proprietor would be led to meditate, as he ſaunters, on the different ſtages of human life, and both his expence and thoughts would march in a progreſſion of patriotic acts and reflections. When he was laying out ſo magnificent, charitable, and philoſophic an Utopian villa, it would have coſt no more to have added a foundling-hoſpital, a ſenate-houſe, and a burying-ground.—If I ſmile at ſuch viſions, ſtill one muſt be glad that in the whirl of faſhions, beneficence ſhould have its turn in vogue; and though the French treat the virtues like every thing elſe, but as an object of mode, it is to be hoped that they too will, every now and then, come into faſhion again. The author I have been mentioning reminds me of a French gentleman, who ſome years ago made me a viſit at Strawberry-hill. He was ſo complaiſant as to commend the place, and to approve our taſte in gardens—but in the ſame ſtyle of thinking with the above cited author, he ſaid, "I do not like your imaginary temples and fictitious terminations of views: I would have real points of view with moving objects; for inſtance, here I would have—(I forget what)—and there

dening in all ages, as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to ſhow to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new ſtyle, and what hints he had received to ſuggeſt and conduct his undertaking.

We have ſeen what Moor-park was, when pronounced a ſtandard. But as no ſucceeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itſelf with the perfection eſtabliſhed by its anceſtors, more perfect perfection was ſtill ſought; and improvements had gone on, till London and Wiſe had ſtocked our gardens with giants,

there a watering-place." "That is not ſo eaſy, I replied; one cannot oblige others to aſſemble at ſuch or ſuch a ſpot for one's amuſement—however, I am glad you would like a watering-place, for *there* happens to be one; in that creek of the Thames the inhabitants of the village do actually water their horſes; but I doubt whether, if it were not *convenient* to them to do ſo, they would frequent the ſpot only to enliven my proſpect."—Such Gallo-Chinois gardens, I apprehend, will rarely be executed.

animals,

animals, monſters,* coats of arms and mottoes in yew, box and holly. Abſurdity could go no farther, and the tide turned. Bridgman, the next faſhionable deſigner of gardens, was far more chaſte; and whether from good ſenſe, or that the nation had been ſtruck and reformed by the admirable paper in the Guardian, N° 173, he baniſhed verdant ſculpture, and did not even revert to the ſquare preciſion of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, diſdained to make every diviſion tally to its oppoſite, and though he ſtill adhered much to ſtrait walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the reſt he diverſified by wilderneſs, and with looſe groves of oak, though ſtill within ſurrounding

* On the piers of a garden-gate not far from Paris I obſerved two very coquet ſphinxes. Theſe lady monſters had ſtraw hats gracefully ſmart on one ſide of their heads, and ſilken cloaks half veiling their necks; all executed in ſtone.

hedges,

hedges. I have obſerved in the garden * at Gubbins in Hertfordſhire many detached thoughts, that ſtrongly indicate the dawn of modern taſte. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morſels of a foreſt appearance, by the ſides of thoſe endleſs and tireſome walks, that ſtretched out of one into another without intermiſſion. But this was not till other innovators had broke looſe too from rigid ſymmetry.

But the capital ſtroke, the leading ſtep to all that has followed, was [I believe the firſt thought was Bridgman's] the deſtruc-

* The ſeat of the late ſir Jeremy Sambroke. It had formerly belonged to lady More, mother-in-law of ſir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on the execution of ſir Thomas, though not her ſon, and though her jointure from a former huſband.

tion

tion of walls for boundaries, and the invention of foſsès—an attempt then deemed ſo aſtoniſhing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to expreſs their ſurprize at finding a ſudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the firſt gardens planted in this ſimple though ſtill formal ſtyle, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three-and-twenty acres, then reckoned a conſiderable portion.

I call a ſunk fence the leading ſtep, for theſe reaſons. No ſooner was this ſimple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing and rolling, followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the ſunk fence was to be harmonized with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be ſet free from its prim regularity, that it might aſſort with the wilder country without. The ſunk fence aſcertained the ſpecific garden, but

but that it might not draw too obvious a line of diſtinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous out-lying parts came to be included in a kind of general deſign: and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every ſtep that was made, pointed out new beauties and inſpired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taſte the charms of landſcape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to ſtrike out a great ſyſtem from the twilight of imperfect eſſays. He leaped the fence, and ſaw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contraſt of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, taſted the beauty of the gentle ſwell, or concave ſcoop, and remarked how looſe groves crowned an eaſy eminence with happy ornament, and while they called in the diſtant view between their

graceful ſtems, removed and extended the perſpective by deluſive compariſon.

Thus the pencil of his imagination beſtowed all the arts of landſcape on the ſcenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perſpective, and light and ſhade. Groupes of trees broke too uniform or too extenſive a lawn; evergreens and woods were oppoſed to the glare of the champain, and where the view was leſs fortunate, or ſo much expoſed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out ſome parts by thick ſhades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richeſt ſcene more enchanting by reſerving it to a farther advance of the ſpectator's ſtep. Thus ſelecting favourite objects, and veiling deformities by ſcreens of plantation; ſometimes allowing the rudeſt waſte to add its foil to the richeſt theatre, he realized the compoſitions of the greateſt maſters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon,

horizon, his tafte as an architect could beftow immediate termination. His buildings, his feats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compaffes. We owe the reftoration of Greece and the diffufion of architecture to his fkill in landfcape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none furpaffed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular bafons, and cafcades tumbling down marble fteps, that laft abfurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle ftream was taught to ferpentize feemingly at its pleafure, and where difcontinued by different levels, its courfe appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interfperfed, and glittered again at a diftance where it might be fuppofed naturally to arrive. Its borders were fmoothed, but preferved their waving irre-

 gularity.

gularity. A few trees ſcattered here and there on its edges ſprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its mæanders; and when it diſappeared among the hills, ſhades deſcending from the heights leaned towards its progreſs, and framed the diſtant point of light under which it was loſt, as it turned aſide to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its moſt favourable features, men ſaw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landſcape was chaſtened or poliſhed, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unreſtricted, and where any eminent oak, or maſter beech had eſcaped maiming and ſurvived the foreſt, buſh and bramble was removed, and all its honours were reſtored to diſtinguiſh and ſhade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended

tended wide its undulating canopy, and ſtood venerable in its darkneſs, Kent thinned the foremoſt ranks, and left but ſo many detached and ſcattered trees, as ſoftened the approach of gloom, and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened ſhadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artiſts have added new maſter-ſtrokes to theſe touches; perhaps improved or brought to perfection ſome that I have named. The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald duke of Argyle, contributed eſſentially to the richneſs of colouring ſo peculiar to our modern landſcape. The mixture of various greens, the contraſt of forms between our foreſt-trees and the northern and Weſt-Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping-willow and every florid ſhrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the com-

composition of our gardens. The last century was certainly acquainted with many of those rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth pine has long been naturalized here; the patriarch plant still exists at Longleat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witness those ancient stems in the court of Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square; and in the bishop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preserving them in a clime so foreign to their nature did not convince our ancestors of their in-utility in general; unless the shapeliness of the lime and horse-chesnut, which accorded so well with established regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in fashion, did not occasion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent's discoveries, he was

was neither without aſſiſtance or faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taſte. The deſign of the prince of Wales's garden at Carlton-houſe was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modeſty in the latter, when he ſaid, of all his works he was moſt proud of his garden. And yet it was a ſingular effort of art and taſte to impreſs ſo much variety and ſcenery on a ſpot of five acres. The paſſing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again aſſembling ſhades, the duſky groves, the larger lawn, and the ſolemnity of the termination at the cypreſſes that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquiſite judgment; and though lord Peterborough aſſiſted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,

thoſe were not the moſt pleaſing ingredients of his little perſpective.

I do not know whether the diſpoſition of the garden at Rouſham, laid out for general Dormer, and in my opinion the moſt engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at leaſt in the opening and retiring ſhades of Venus's vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the emperor Julian had ſelected the moſt pleaſing ſolitude about Daphne to enjoy a philoſophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great, was in ſome meaſure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have tranſported the ſtyle of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of foreſts: and though new faſhions like new religions, [which are new faſhions] often lead men to the moſt oppoſite exceſſes, it could not be the caſe in gardening, where the experiments would have been ſo expenſive. Yet it is true too that the features in Kent's landſcapes were ſeldom majeſtic.

jeſtic. His clumps were puny, he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One ſees no large woods ſketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely riſen above a too great frequency of ſmall clumps, eſpecially in the elbows of ſerpentine rivers. How common to ſee three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypreſſes, and a revolution of all three! Kent's laſt deſigns were in a higher ſtyle, as his ideas opened on ſucceſs. The north terras at Claremont was much ſuperior to the reſt of the garden.

A return of ſome particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *hand* known. A ſmall lake edged by a winding bank with ſcattered trees that led to a ſeat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Eſher, and others of his deſigns. At Eſher,

> Where Kent and nature vied for Pelham's love,

the proſpects more than aided the painter's

ter's genius—they marked out the points where his art was neceſſary or not; but thence left his judgment in poſſeſſion of all its glory.

Having routed *profeſſed* art, for the modern gardener exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to ſtop at the juſt limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her ſo happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kenſington-garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the ſcene—but he was ſoon laughed out of this exceſs. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a ſtrait line*—His mimics, for every genius has his apes, ſeemed to think that ſhe could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet ſo many men of taſte of all ranks devoted themſelves to the new improvements, that it is ſurprizing how much beauty has been ſtruck out, with how few

abſurdities. Still in ſome lights the reformation ſeems to me to have been puſhed too far. Though an avenue croſſing a park or ſeparating a lawn, and intercepting views from the ſeat to which it leads, are capital faults, yet a great avenue * cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and

Like footmen running before coaches
To tell the inn what lord approaches,

announces the habitation of ſome man of diſtinction. In other places the total baniſhment of all particular neatneſs imme-

* Of this kind one of the moſt noble is that of Stanſtead, the ſeat of the earl of Halifax, traverſing an ancient wood for two miles and bounded by the ſea. The very extenſive lawns at that ſeat, richly incloſed by venerable beech woods, and chequered by ſingle beeches of vaſt ſize, particularly when you ſtand in the portico of the temple and ſurvey the landſcape that waſtes itſelf in rivers of broken ſea, recall ſuch exact pictures of Claud Lorrain, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very ſpot.

diately

diately about a houſe, which is frequently left gazing by itſelf in the middle of a park, is a defect. Sheltered and even cloſe walks in ſo very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few pictureſque days that we enjoy: and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even ſomething of an old-faſhioned garden from the landſcape deſigned for them by the undertaker in faſhion, without interfering with the picture, they will find ſatisfactions on thoſe days that do not invite ſtrangers to come and ſee their improvements.

Fountains have with great reaſon been baniſhed from gardens as unnatural; but it ſurprizes me that they have not been allotted to their proper poſitions, to cities, towns, and the courts of great houſes, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themſelves. Their decorations admit the utmoſt invention,

and

and when the waters are thrown up to different ſtages, and tumble over their border, nothing has a more impoſing or a more refreſhing ſound. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypreſſes peculiarly become buildings, and no man can have been at Rome, and ſeen the vaſt baſons of marble daſhed with perpetual caſcades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taſte and ſplendor. Thoſe in the piazza Navona are as uſeful as ſublimely conceived.

Grottos in this climate are receſſes only to be looked at tranſiently. When they are regularly compoſed within of ſymmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only ſplendid improprieties. The moſt judiciouſly, indeed moſt fortunately placed grotto, is that at Stourhead, where the river burſts from the urn of its god, and paſſes on its courſe through the cave.

But it is not my buſineſs to lay down

rules for gardens, but to give the hiſtory of them. A ſyſtem of rules puſhed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the beſt examples and practice, has been lately given in a book intituled, *Obſervations on modern Gardening.* The work is very ingeniouſly and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any neceſſary directions. The author will excuſe me if I think it a little exceſs, when he examines that rude and unappropriated ſcene of Matlocke-bath, and criticizes nature for having beſtowed on the rapid river Derwent too many caſcades. How can this cenſure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; ſtill in our diſtant provinces ſuch a guide may be neceſſary.

The author divides his ſubject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings, I do not mean to find fault with this diviſion. Directions

rections are requiſite to each kind, and each has its department at many of the great ſcenes from whence he drew his obſervations. In the hiſtoric light, I diſtinguiſh them into the garden that connects itſelf with a park, into the ornamented farm, and into the foreſt or ſavage garden. Kent, as I have ſhown, invented or eſtabliſhed the firſt ſort. Mr. Philip Southcote founded the ſecond or ferme ornèe *, of which is a very juſt deſcription in the author I have been quoting. The third I think he has not enough diſtinguiſhed. I mean that kind of alpine ſcene, compoſed almoſt wholly of pines and firs, a few birch, and ſuch trees as aſſimilate with a ſavage and mountainous country. Mr. Charles Hamilton, at Pain's-hill, in my opinion has given a perfect example of this mode in the utmoſt boundary of his garden. All is great and foreign and rude; the walks ſeem not

* At Wobourn-farm in Surry.

designed, but cut through the wood of pines; and the style of the whole is so grand, and conducted with so serious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that when you look down on this seeming forest, you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres. In general, except as a screen to conceal some deformity, or as a shelter in winter, I am not fond of total plantations of ever-greens. Firs in particular form a very ungraceful summit, all broken into angles.

Sit Henry Englefield was one of the first improvers on the new style, and selected with singular taste that chief beauty of all gardens, prospect and fortunate points of view: we tire of all the painter's art when it wants these finishing touches. The fairest scenes, that depend on themselves alone, weary when often seen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chinese pagoda, that surprize the stranger, soon lose their charms to their surfeited

master.

maſter. The lake that floats the valley is ſtill more lifeleſs, and its lord ſeldom enjoys his expence but when he ſhows it to a viſitor. But the ornament whoſe merit ſooneſt fades, is the hermitage or ſcene adapted to contemplation. It is almoſt comic to ſet aſide a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Proſpect, animated proſpect, is the theatre that will always be the moſt frequented. Proſpects formerly were ſacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh ſtands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our anceſtors who reſided the greateſt part of the year at their ſeats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to comfort firſt, before expence. Their vaſt manſions received and harboured all the younger branches, the dowagers and ancient maiden aunts of the families, and other families viſited them for a month together. The method of living is now to-

tally changed, and yet the ſame ſuperb palaces are ſtill created, becoming a pompous ſolitude to the owner, and a tranſient entertainment to a few travellers.

If any incident aboliſhes or reſtrains the modern ſtyle of gardening, it will be this circumſtance of ſolitarineſs. The greater the ſcene, the more diſtant it is probably from the capital; in the neighbourhood of which land is too dear to admit conſiderable extent of property. Men tire of expence that is obvious to few ſpectators. Still there is a more imminent danger that threatens the preſent, as it has ever done, all taſte. I mean the purſuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phraſe given a juſt account of this, I will call it, diſtemper. He ſays, *l'ennui du beau amene le gout du ſingulier.* The noble ſimplicity of the Auguſtan age was driven out by falſe taſte. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at laſt the barbarous and the monkiſh, had each their ſucceſſive admirers.

mirers. Muſic has been improved, till it is a ſcience of tricks and ſlight of hand: the ſober greatneſs of Titian is loſt, and painting ſince Carlo Maratti has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twiſted and * curled architecture, as if it was ſubject to the change of faſhions like a head of hair. If we once loſe ſight of the propriety of landſcape in our gardens, we ſhall wander into all the fantaſtic ſharawadgis of the Chineſe. We have diſcovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taſte; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant ſimplicity, and proud of no other art than that of ſoftening nature's harſhneſſes and copying her graceful touch.

The ingenious author of the Obſervations on modern Gardening is, I think, too rigid when he condemns ſome deceptions, be-

* In particular, he inverted the volutes of the Ionic order.

cauſe they have been often uſed. If thoſe deceptions, as a feigned ſteeple of a diſtant church, or an unreal bridge to diſguiſe the termination of water, were intended only to ſurpriſe, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but being intended to improve the landſcape, are no more to be condemned becauſe common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the compoſition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, becauſe that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the ſooner our taſte will be vitiated. Situations are every where ſo various, that there never can be a ſameneſs, while the diſpoſition of the ground is ſtudied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In the mean time how rich, how gay, how pictureſque the face of the country! The demolition of walls laying open each improve-

improvement, every journey is made through a ſucceſſion of pictures; and even where taſte is wanting in the ſpot improved, the general view is embelliſhed by variety. If no relapſe to barbariſm, formality, and ſecluſion, is made, what landſcapes will dignify every quarter of our iſland, when the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A ſpecimen of what our gardens will be, may be ſeen at Petworth, where the portion of the park neareſt the houſe has been allotted to the modern ſtyle. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in ſo auguſt a fragment of improved nature, it is, that the ſize of the trees are out of all proportion to the ſhrubs and accompanyments. In truth, ſhrubs ſhould not only be reſerved for particular ſpots and home delight, but are paſſed their beauty in leſs than twenty years.

Enough has been done to eſtabliſh ſuch

a ſchool of landſcape, as cannot be found on the reſt of the globe. If we have the ſeeds of a Claud or a Gaſpar amongſt us, he muſt come forth. If wood, water, groves, vallies, glades, can inſpire or poet or painter, this is the country, this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that now are admitted into, now graze on the borders of our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and groupe themſelves to animate his picture. One misfortune in truth there is that throws a difficulty on the artiſt. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and ſmoothneſs of turf: in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform ſpot, incapable of chiaro ſcuro, and to be broken inſipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since we have been familiarized to the ſtudy of landſcape, we hear leſs of what delighted our ſportſmen-anceſtors *a fine open country*. Wiltſhire, Dorſetſhire, and ſuch ocean-

ocean-like extents were formerly preferred to the rich blue profpects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkfhire, and to the magnificent fcale of nature in York-fhire. An open country is but a canvafs on which a landfcape might be defigned.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent, that he was fucceeded by a very able mafter; and did living artifts come within my plan, I fhould be glad to do juftice to Mr. Brown; but he may be a gainer, by being referved for fome abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the poffeffor, if he has any tafte, muft be the beft defigner of his own improvements. He fees his fituation in all feafons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not clafh with conveni-ence, and obferves in his filent walks or ac-cidental rides a thoufand hints that muft efcape a perfon who in a few days fketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leifure

to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which after the oppoſition given to moſt revolutions, preponderates at laſt, will probably not carry our ſtyle of garden into general uſe on the continent. The expence is only ſuited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obſtacle, as well as the coſt of the firſt formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landſcape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reſide much, and make ſmall expence at their villas. I ſhould think the little princes of Germany, who ſpare no profuſion on their palaces and country-houſes, moſt likely to be our imitators; eſpecially as their country and climate bears in many parts reſemblance to ours. In France, and ſtill leſs in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which

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the humidity of our clime beſtows as the ground-work of our improvements. As great an obſtacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees. As after a certain age, when they would riſe to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's ſurveyors as royal timber, it is a curioſity to ſee an old tree. A landſcape and a crown-ſurveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the concluſion of the laſt reign [the period I had marked to this work] the hiſtory of our arts and artiſts, from the earlieſt æra in which we can be ſaid to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flaſhes of genius, rather than progreſſive improvements, or flouriſhing ſchools; the inequality and inſufficience of the execution have flowed more from my own defects than from thoſe of the ſubject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable induſtry of Mr. Ver-

tue

tue in amaſſing all poſſible materials. As my taſk is finiſhed, it will, I hope, at leaſt excite others to collect and preſerve notices and anecdotes for ſome future continuator. The æra promiſes to furniſh a nobler harveſt. Our exhibitions, and the inſtitution of a royal academy, inſpire the artiſts with emulation, diffuſe their reputation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reaſons on their works, and ſpectators by degrees become judges. Nor are perſons of the firſt rank meer patrons. * Lord Harcourt's etchings are ſuperior in boldneſs and freedom of ſtroke to any thing we have ſeen from eſtabliſhed artiſts. Gardening and architecture owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as to the profeſſors. I need but name general Conway's ruſtic bridge at Park-place, of which every ſtone was placed by his own direction in one of

* George Simon, ſecond earl of Harcourt.

the moſt beautiful ſcenes in nature; and the theatric ſtaircaſe deſigned and juſt erected by * Mr. Chute at his ſeat of the Vine in Hampſhire. If a model is ſought of the moſt perfect taſte in architecture, where grace ſoftens dignity, and lightneſs attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar obſervation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the poſition is the moſt happy, and even the colour of the ſtone the moſt harmonious; the virtuoſo ſhould be directed to the new † front of Wentworth-caſtle: the reſult of the ſame elegant judgment that had before diſtributed ſo many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, proſ-

* John Chute, laſt male-heir of that family, deſcended from Chaloner Chute, ſpeaker to Richard Cromwell's parliament.

† The old front, ſtill extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth late earl of Strafford; the new one was entirely deſigned by the preſent earl William himſelf.

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pects and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art. Such an æra will demand a better historian. With pleasure therefore I resign my pen; presuming to recommend nothing to my successor, but to observe as strict impartiality.

August 2, 1770.

FINIS.

ADDENDA.

ADDENDA.

THE following notices relating to various artiſts have occurred ſince the former publication of theſe volumes, but not being conſiderable enough to furniſh ſeparate articles, are here added for the information of thoſe who would form a more complete catalogue, or continue theſe volumes.

Alan de Walſingham was one of the architects of the cathedral of Ely. Vide Bentham's Hiſt. of Ely, p. 283.

John Helpſtone, a maſon, built the new tower at Cheſter in 1322.

John Druel and Roger Keyes were employed as ſurveyors and architects by archbiſhop Chichele. V. Life of that prelate, p. 171.

Robert Smith, a martyr, was a painter for his amuſement. Life of ſir Thomas Smith, p. 66.

Sir

Sir Thomas Smith built Hill-hall in Esſex. Richard Kirby was the architect. ib. p. 228.

Sir Thomas Treſſam is mentioned by Fuller in his Worthies of Northamptonſhire, as a great builder and architect, p. 300.

Francis Potter, fellow of Trinity college, Oxford, painted a picture of Sir Th. Pope. V. Wharton's Life of Sir Th. 2d. edit. p. 164.

In the hall of Trinity college, Oxford, is a picture of J. Hayward by Francis Potter, ib. p. 161; where it is alſo ſaid that one Butler painted at Hatfield, p. 78. A glaſs-painter and his prices mentioned, ib.

Cornelius de Zoom drew the portrait of Sir W. Cordall in St. John's college, ib. p. 227.

James Nicholſon, a glaſs-painter, ib. p. 16.

Dr. Monkhouſe, of Queen's college, Oxford, has a ſmall picture on board, 4½ inches

inches by 3 ½, containing two half-length portraits neatly executed. The one has a pallet in his hand, the other a lute; the date 1554, and over their heads the two following inſcriptions;

Talis erat facie Gerlachus Fliccius, ipſâ
 Londoniâ quando Pictor in urbe fuit.
Hanc is ex ſpeculo pro caris pinxit amicis,
 Poſt obitum poſſint quo meminiſſe ſui.
Strangwiſh thus ſtrangely depicted is;
One priſoner for thother has done this.
Gerlin hath garniſht for his delight
This woorck whiche you ſe before your ſight.

It is conjectured that theſe perſons were priſoners on the account of religion in the reign of queen Mary.

Some Engliſh painters, of whom I find no other account, are mentioned in the academy of Armory by Randle Holme; printed at Cheſter, in fol. 1688. "Mr. Richard Blackborne, a poet, for a fleſhy face; Mr. Bloomer for country ſwains and clowns; Mr. Calthorpe, painter from life; Mr. Smith

Smith for fruit; Mr. Moore for general painting; Pooley for a face; Servile for drapery; Mr. W. Bumbury, Wilcock and Hodges from life; Mr. Poines for draught and invention; and Mr. Tho. Arundel for good draught and hiſtory." Vide book iii. chap. 3. p. 156.

In the collection of the earls of Peterborough at Drayton was a portrait of the firſt earl of Sandwich by Mrs. Creed, and a view of the houſe by Carter.

I have a poem printed on two ſides of half a folio ſheet of velom by Laurence Euſden, addreſſed to Mr. John Saunders, on ſeeing his paintings in Cambridge. I ſuppoſe the paintings and poetry were much on a level.

A picture of the Court of Chancery in the time of lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and given to the earl of Hardwicke by Dr. Lort, was painted by Farrars; to whom is a poem addreſſed by Vincent Bourne, printed in the works of the latter.

Charles

Charles Lucy ſtudied at Rome, and was ſcholar of Carlo Cignani, and was aged 22 in 1715. A copy by him from his maſter was ſold at Mr. Gouge's auction in that year.

The collection of pictures by himſelf and others, of Mr. Comyns, was ſold by auction at Monmouth-houſe, Soho-ſquare, Feb. 5, 1717.

Nicolo Caſana, of Genoa, died here in the reign of queen Anne. Vide Lives of Genoeſe painters, vol. ii. p. 16. Cæſar Corte, of the ſame city, was here in the reign of queen Elizabeth. V. Soprani's Vite di Pittori Genoveſi, vol. i. p. 101. edit. of 1768.

In June 1733, was a ſale of the collection of pictures of —— Sykes, portrait-painter, then lately deceaſed, at his houſe in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and

In March 1738, were ſold the pictures of Walter Grimbaldſon, landſcape-painter,

and probably a very indifferent one, for three of his landſcapes ſold for leſs than a guinea.

John Nicolas Servandoni, knight of the order of Chriſt, was born at Florence, May 2d, 1695, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his ſkill in architecture and taſte in theatric repreſentations. His principal work in the former is the new front of St. Sulpice at Paris. He was in England in the late reign, and deſigned the facade for the fire-works on the peace in 1748, in the Green-park, St. James's. There is a long account of him in the Dictionaire des Theatres, vol. v. p. 133.

Edward Seymour, portrait-painter, died in Jan. 1757, and is buried in the church-yard of Twickenham, Middleſex, before the north door, with his two daughters and his ſon Charles.

—— Lacon, a young painter in water-colours, died about 1757. He ſet up a puppet-

puppet-ſhow at Bath, which was much in faſhion. Mr. Scott, of Crown-court, Weſtminſter, had his head painted by himſelf.

Sanderſon Miller, eſq; of Radway, was ſkilled in Gothic architecture, and gave ſeveral deſigns for buildings in that ſtyle in the reign of George 2d.

John Kirk, medalliſt and toyman, in St. Paul's church-yard, died Nov. 19, 1761, aged 61. Thoreſby mentions the art of limning by Th. Kirke. Duc. Leod. p. 526.

— Palmer, a painter, died at Hoxton, May 15, 1762.

— Tull, who was a ſchoolmaſter, and painted landſcapes for his amuſement, died young in 1762, or beginning of 1763. His prints were ſold by auction in March 1763.

Edward Rowe, painter on glaſs, died in the Old Bailey, April 2, 1763.

The pictures of Mr. Schalk, landſcape-painter, going abroad, were ſold in April, 1763.

ADDENDA.

Mr. Miller, a limner, died in Southampton-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, Jan. 8, 1764.

The prints, drawings, graving-tools, and etchings of Engliſh maſters, of Mr. James Wood, engraver, of James-ſtreet, Covent-garden, were ſold by auction, at Darres's print-ſhop in Coventry-ſtreet, March 19, 1764, and the ſeven following evenings.

— Van Bleek, painter, died July 1764, having quitted his buſineſs on account of bad health. There is a fine mezzotinto of Johnſon and Griffin, the players, after a painting of Van Bleek.

— Kelberg was a German painter, who came over in the reign of George 1ſt. He drew a whole length of prince William, afterwards duke of Cumberland, in the robes of the order of the Bath; and another of Ulric, a favourite Hungarian; and, I believe, a half-length of the ſame perſon in my poſſeſſion.

John Smith, of Chicheſter, landſcape-painter, died July 29, 1764.

William

William Smith, the eldeſt brother, who had begun with portraits, then took to landſcape and laſtly to painting fruit and flowers, died at his houſe at Shopwich, near Chicheſter, October 4, 1764.

George, the third brother, likewiſe a landſcape painter at Chicheſter, publiſhed in 1770, ſix paſtorals and two paſtoral ſongs in quarto, and died at Chicheſter, September 7, 1776. He painted for the premium only three times, and obtained it each time; viz. in the years 1760, 1762, 1764.

Francis Perry, engraver, who had begun to engrave a ſet of Engliſh medals, and had publiſhed three or four numbers, died Jan. 3. 1765, in Carter's-lane, Doctor's Commons.

Charles Spooner, engraver in mezzotinto, died Dec. 5, 1767.

Mr. Barbor, painter in miniature and enamel, in the Hay-market, St. James's, died Nov. 7. 1767.

Maccourt, a German, painter and mezzotinter, died in Jan. 1768.

Mr. Huſſey, who had been a ſurgeon and apothecary in Covent Garden, but had relinquiſhed that profeſſion and turned painter, particularly of race-horſes, died in Southwark, Auguſt 26, 1769. This was a different perſon from Mr. Giles Huſſey, whoſe drawings are ſo deſervedly admired.

— Pitſala, an Italian limner, died in Wardour-ſtreet, Nov. 10, 1769.

David Morier of Berne in Swiſſerland, died in January 1770, and was buried in St. James's, Clerkenwell. After the battle of Dettingen, he was preſented by Sir Everard Falkener to William duke of Cumberland, who gave him a penſion of 200 *l.* a year, which he enjoyed to that prince's death. He painted managed horſes, field-pieces, &c. and drew both the late king and the preſent.

Miſs Anne Ladd, paintreſs of portraits and fruits, died of the ſmall-pox in Hen-

rietta-ſtreet, Covent-garden, Feb. 3, 1770, aged 24.

Mr. Stamford, portrait-painter in Piccadilly, died Feb. 12, 1770.

Monſ. Benoit, an engraver, brought over by Du Boſch, and known for his print of the Mock Maſons, died in Auguſt, 1770.

Iſaac Spackman of Iſlington, painter of birds, died Jan. 7, 1771.

John Collet, ſenior, portrait-painter, retired from buſineſs, died Jan. 17, 1771, at his houſe in Chelſea.

John Heins, painter in oil and miniature, died in Danvers-ſtreet, Chelſea, in 1771, and his collection was ſold by auction at Exeter-change in May of that year.

Edward Ryland, engraver, died in the Old Bailey, July 26, 1771. He was rather a printer than engraver, and was father of the well-known artiſt, ſince dead. Many of his unfiniſhed plates were ſold by auction by Chriſtie, April 7, 1784, as others had been before.

A D D E N D A.

Theodore Jacobſon, eſq; was architect of the Foundling-hoſpital in London, and of the Royal-hoſpital at Goſport. He was fellow of the royal and antiquarian ſocieties, and member of the arts and ſciences. He died in May 1772, and was buried in the vault of his family in Allhallow's-church, Thames-ſtreet, London.

J. Sigiſmond Tanner, eſq; who had been engraver of the mint for forty years, and had been appointed chief graver in 1740, but had retired from buſineſs, died at his houſe in Edward-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, March 16, 1773.

Mr. Ravenet, engraver, died at Kentiſh-town, April 2d, 1774.

Mr. Barnaby Mayo, engraver and painter, died July 8, 1774.

Mr. Rooker, engraver and Harlequin, died Nov. 22, 1774.

Mr. John Kirk, engraver of medals and ſeals, died in Piccadilly, November 27, 1776.

John

A D D E N D A.

John Ferguſon, the aſtronomer, ſupported himſelf for ſome time by drawing heads in black lead. V. Ann. Regiſter for 1776, in the characters.

— Canot, an engraver of views, and particularly excellent in ſea-pieces, died at Kentiſh-town, in 1777, worn out by the fatigue he underwent in engraving Mr. Paton's four pictures of the engagements between the Ruſſians and Turks. Gough's Topog. 2,289.

Thomas Lauranſon, the father, painted portraits in oil, and drew and publiſhed the large prints of Greenwich hoſpital. He died about the year 1778.

John Mortimer, died of a fever in Norfolk-ſtreet, Feb. 4, 1779.

Mr. Henry, engraver, died in October, 1779.

Mr. Charles White, flower-painter, died at Chelſea, Jan 9, 1780.

Mr.

A D D E N D A.

Mr. Playford, of Lamb's-conduit-ſtreet, miniature-painter, died October 24, 1780.

John Paxton, painter of hiſtory and portraits, died at Bombay in 1780.

Mr. Weightman, miniature-painter, died January 23, 1781, in Red-lion-ſtreet, Holborn.

In Les Tables hiſtoriques & chronologiques des plus fameux Peintres anciens & moderne, par Antoine Frederic Harms, à Bronſwic, 1742, fol. are theſe notices of foreigners who have painted in England.

Table

v. Bernard Van Orley, painted at Antwerp and London, about 1550.

vi. Lucas Corneliſz.

vii. Jerome da Treviſi, about 1540.

xiv. Horatio Gentileſchi.

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XVII. Egidius Van Tilbourg, about 1650: converſations of peaſants.

XIX. Janſzon Van Keulen, painted portraits here about the ſame time.

XX. John Lievens: hiſtories and portraits.

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XXI. Gerard Terburg: portraits, about 1670. He mentions Dobſon, and calls Holbourn, Holbrons, which he probably took for an Engliſh town.

XXIV. Gonzalez Coques: portraits in little.

XXVIII. John de Baan: portraits, about 1680.

XXXI. James Vander Roer: portraits, about 1700.

XXXIV. Simon Vander Doos: Landſcapes with animals.

XXXV. Antony Bellucci: hiſtory.

XXXVI. Simon

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——— Tyſſen of Antwerp : fowls and ſtill-liſe.

——— De Heem, of the Hague : fruit-pieces.

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